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THE OLD LOVE DEAD.

BY C. M. P.

You know that I loved you
In days that are past,
When you were my sunshine,
Too precious to last.
You left me so lonely,
Another to wed,
And, though I forgive you,
The old love is dead.

'Tis true that the other
Laid wealth at your feet,
While I brought you only
A heart gift so sweet.
I know that you loved me,
As fond words have said,
But gold won the maiden,
The old love is dead.

And still I remember
The years that have flown;
The time that I loved you,
And thought you mine own,
And I have forgiven
The hand that once led
Me into life's darkness,
But my love is dead.

A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"LIVING or dead"—the words haunted him. As he walked along he reflected how great must have been the fright and the dread that caused Hyacinth to leave Hulme Abbey, despite the heavy rain and the blinding tempest.

"My poor Hyacinth!" he said. "Can it be possible that she was flying from me—I, who love her a thousand times better than all the world beside? How could she, why should she fly from me?"

He did not know that to her sensitive, pure, tender mind her past error seemed like a gulf between them—that it was for his sake, lest she should degrade him, that she had gone out in the darkness of night, heedless as to whether she went to her death.

As they walked along, looking carefully right and left, Lord Chandon called his servant to him.

"Tell me about her, Gustave," he said—"you need not be afraid—it will not be betraying her—tell me all she said."

And as they walked through the woods the man repeated all.

"My poor, unhappy darling!" said Adrian. "Oh, why did she ever run away from me?"

He knew that if she had but confided in him he would have gone to England with her, he would have stood by her side during the trial, and to have saved all gossip, he would have married her at once. But she did not know this, and she fancied that against him she had committed an unpardonable sin. His great, noble heart yearned for her; he longed with a longing no words can paint to take her in his arms and charm from her the memory of all her sorrow.

"They tell me," he said, turning to Gustave, "that she was fond of these woods, and that there is a road runs through them to Dipton. I thought it probable that, confused with the darkness and the rain, she might have taken a wrong turning and have lost herself in them."

"It may be so, my lord."

But Gustave evidently had very little hope, although he did not care to distress his master by saying so.

They were half way through the woods, and were walking on in profound silence, when Gustave, looking through a cluster of trees on the left, suddenly clutched his master's arm.

"Look, my lord—look!" he said. "There is something lying under that tree!"

With one bound, as it seemed, Lord Chandon cleared the space. Something was there. It was Hyacinth's prostrate, silent figure, the golden head bent forward, the beautiful white face hidden from view.

Such a pitiful sight it was! Her cloak and dress were drenched with heavy rain, soaked out of all form and color. There was not a movement, not a sign of life.

"She is dead!" cried Gustave.

But Lord Chandon pushed him away. With a cry of agony the man never forgot, he raised the silent figure in his arms, clasped it to his breast as a mother does a long-lost child whom she has recovered, wept burning tears over the pallid face, and kissed with frantic passion and grief the white lips.

"My darling—my darling!" he cried. "Oh, Heaven, do not let me lose her!"

Then he cried out again, for there was a trembling movement of the white lips.

Hyacinth opened her eyes and saw the eyes of the man she loved so dearly, looking into hers with such a rapture of love and pity, with such light in his eyes, such trembling joy on his lips.

"Give me the brandy, Gustave, quickly," he said, "and run—run for your life. Tell Lady Dartelle that we have found Miss Vaughan, and ask her to send the carriage to the entrance to the woods, to telegraph for a doctor, and to have all ready as soon as possible."

"Will she live?" asked the man, looking at the white face anxiously.

"I think so—I hope so. Heaven is too merciful to take her from me now!"

And then he was alone with her once more. He was not ashamed to pray with burning tears and burning words that this most precious life might be spared to him.

"My darling," he whispered—"my lost, strayed treasure—my poor unhappy child, why did you not trust me? I would have stood by you until death!"

He kissed and caressed her; he murmured loving words to her, until it seemed to him that some little warmth came into the white face. He looked at the little hands, all wounded and torn with the brambles—at a great purple bruise on the white brow where she had fallen against the tree. He tried to make her hear and understand his questions, but she was beyond that. She only nestled like a child in his arms, and smiled such a faint feeble smile that it was pitiful to look upon.

Adrian would allow no other hands to touch her. He raised her, and carried her to the carriage; he held her during the short drive; he seemed as though he could hardly endure that any one else should look at her. When they had reached the house, and she was carried up to her room, he went to Lady Dartelle and took her hands in his. Tears shone in his eyes.

"Lady Dartelle," he said, "I would give my life for hers! Will you do your best to save her for me—just as though she were your own child?"

"I will," she replied; "you may trust me."

He would not leave the house, but Sir Aubrey Dartelle rode off to telegraph to Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan the glad tidings that the lost one had been found.

* * * * * *

Doctor Ewald was astonished, when he came downstairs, to find himself caught in a most impulsive and excited manner by the hand.

"The truth, doctor," cried Lord Chandon—"I must know the truth!"

"You shall know everything that is to be known, my lord."

"Is there any danger?"

"I hope not—I think not. The young lady has certainly had a most marvellous escape. She might have met her death, for she lost her way, fell against a tree, and was out in all that terrible drenching rain. But I have great hopes; we have given a strong restorative, and that will be followed by a sleeping draught. If she is kept quite quiet and free from all excitement for two days, I will venture to predict a perfect recovery."

Adrian was almost wild with happiness when Lady Dartelle came downstairs an hour afterwards, and looked at him with a cheerful smile. He kissed her hands so fervently that her ladyship blushed.

"Does she know that I am here, Lady Dartelle—that it was I who found her?" he asked.

"Yes; and she has fallen asleep as happy as a little child. You need not be anxious; with a little care, I am quite sure she will recover."

Late that evening Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan reached Hulme Abbey.

"Is it true that you have found her, Adrian?" asked Lady Vaughan, her fair old face quivering with emotion. "My poor lost darling! When may I see her?"

Adrian told her how needful were quiet and repose, adding—

"I shall not leave her again. If she will only consent, I should like to be married at once. I shall never like to leave her again."

By this time it was known over the whole household that the young lady who had been there as governess was no other than Miss Vaughan, the betrothed wife of Lord Chandon.

The Misses Dartelle behaved very creditably under the circumstances. But then the whole affair was a pleasing source of excitement; it brought them so forward, and caused so many interesting conversations with Major Elton and Sir Richard Hastings. Perhaps all was for the best.

On the third day Lady Dartelle sought Lord Chandon.

"Miss Vaughan is much better," she said, with a quiet smile; "she is sitting up in my room. Would you like to see her there?"

Hyacinth rose when Adrian entered Lady Dartelle's sitting room, and her beautiful face grew very pale. She advanced one step towards him with unconscious grace and sweetest humility in her attitude. She stretched out her hands to him with a little imploring cry, and the next moment he had folded her to his heart—he had covered her face with passionate kisses and tears. She trembled in his strong grasp.

"My darling," he said, "how could you so mistake? Did you not understand that I was your best friend?" Still holding her in his arms, he continued, looking in her face—"Why did you run away from me, Hyacinth? Did you not know that I—above all the world—would have believed in, helped, and trusted you? Oh, child, why did you cause me this most bitter sorrow? I would have come to England with you, and would have stood by your side through all that bitter trial. Oh, my Hyacinth, how could you so misjudge me?"

"I thought," she said, half hesitatingly, "that you would never forgive me, never love me again after you had learned what I had done."

He laid his hand caressingly on her golden head.

"What had you done, my darling? While you were a mere child, ignorant and innocent, a handsome thoughtless man came to you, and, building on your romance and poetry, persuaded you to elope with him; and then, before your elopement was half accomplished, you repented of it, and returned home."

"I did indeed repent!" she said, clinging to him.

"And then, to save the young simpleton, who ought to have known better, you came forward and told the truth, at the risk of losing all you held dear in life. I cannot see anything in all that for which I should hate and never forgive you."

"I thought," she explained, "that you would not forgive me—because I—loved Claude."

"But you did not love him," said Adrian, quietly, "or you would have married him."

"No," she affirmed, decidedly, "I did not love him. I was very young, and he was the first who ever praised and liked me. My love was but a girlish fancy, and it died in a few minutes when I saw clearly that he persuaded me to do wrong."

"I know that. I will not reproach you any more; but I wish you had trusted me. Why did you not?"

"I dared not," she replied. "When I read of the murder, it seemed to me that a sudden cloud of disgrace and shame had fallen over me. I never once thought that you could forgive me. My idea was to hide myself for ever from all those who had ever known me. I love you too well, Adrian, to wish to sully your life by my disgrace."

"Hush!" he said, almost sternly. "I will not hear you say such words of yourself; no disgrace has ever attached to you."

"Adrian," she whispered, "do you quite forgive me?"

He kissed the upturned face.

"My darling," he said, "I have nothing to forgive; it was, after all, but the shadow of a sin."

There fell over them a blissful silence, and then, looking earnestly at the sweet pale face, Adrian said—

"You are not strong, Hyacinth, and I am keeping you standing; sit down here, dear." He placed her on a couch and knelt by her side, drawing the golden head on his breast. "Thank Heaven I have found you, my darling!" he exclaimed. "Give me one kiss to obliterate all the past bitterness."

She raised her face with the grace and simplicity of a child, and kissed him.

"Will you tell me," he said, "all the story of your vicissitudes? I want to know it, so that I may give princely rewards to all who have been kind to you."

She told him all—the grief, the struggle, the pain—all that it had cost her to leave him, believing as she did that she should never see him again—all the shame and agony of the trial, and all that followed.

He listened, never interrupting her, but drawing her more closely to him, as though to indicate that nothing should ever take her from him again.

"Where do you say Doctor Chalmers lives?"

She told him.

"I shall never rest," said Adrian, "until I have seen him. I must go to London expressly to thank him. Why, my darling, what would have become of you but for him? He deserves the name of good Samaritan. We will reward him—his good deed shall meet with suitable recognition."

During his first interview, Adrian said nothing to her of Lady Vaughan. She looked so fragile, so delicate, he did not

like to agitate her. But that same evening he went again to see her. He held in his hands a bouquet of early violets, and she smiled as their fragrance greeted her.

"I have been searching all over the woods for these," he said; and she took them from him, burying her face in the sweet moist leaves.

"Hyacinth," he said, "you asked me this morning about Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan. Have you any idea how dearly Lady Vaughan loves you?"

"No," she replied; "I—I am afraid of her. I know you will think me a coward—I cannot help it. She is so grave, so stern—yet I love her very dearly."

"Would you be perfectly happy now, Hyacinth, if you were quite at peace with them?"

"Perfectly; but I cannot hope for that," she said. "Lady Vaughan will never forgive me. Ah, Adrian, you know how proud, how severe she is—how rigid in her notions of honor. I cannot expect her ever to speak to me again."

She had not noticed the opening of the door; and she wondered at the grave smile on her lover's face.

"She is so good," continued Hyacinth; "I do not think she ever did wrong in her life. How could she forgive me?"

A gentle hand was laid on her head; a fair old face bent over her; a trembling voice said—

"My dearest child, you have something to forgive me. I did not make sufficient allowance for your youth. I did wrong to you, although I did it unconsciously, my dear."

The girl's face had grown deadly pale at the first sound of Lady Vaughan's voice, and the next minute she was kneeling at her feet, praying with tears and sobs for the pardon that was not difficult to win.

Then Sir Arthur came in to see her, and would not listen to her expressions of regret.

"You did no great harm, my dear," he said, "that I can see, and I will not have the matter mentioned again."

And these were the friends from whom, in the depth of her agony and despair, she had run away, never intending to look upon them again!

"I cannot call you Miss Vaughan," said little Clara, a few days afterwards, "although it is a much prettier name than Holte. Veronica says you will be Lady Chandos soon—how many names you will have had! Is it true?"

"Quite true, little Clara," spoke Adrian; "and now, as you love Miss Vaughan so much, will you come home with her to Queen's Chase and be her bridesmaid? You shall have a pretty white dress and a wreath."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Staniland's Wife.

BY H. W. CHISHOLM.

WHEN I heard that my old friend Staniland was bringing back a wife with him from America, I could hardly believe my own ears. I had good grounds for my astonishment. A miserable younger son, who had bitterly offended his family-belonging by adopting the career of a professional artist—a career in which he had so far failed of achieving any striking success—my friend was hardly in a position to marry at all, unless he married money; yet I knew no man whom I should have judged less likely to throw himself at the feet of an American heiress in the character of a penniless suitor. Besides, it was barely a year since he had left England, madly in love with Helen Carew.

It is true that the fair Helen, after flirting outrageously with him for a whole season, had suddenly thrown him over in favor of young Lord Harley and his forty thousand a year, and that Staniland had affected to take her perfidy coolly.

But his assumed indifference had not deceived me; I knew that he had been very hard hit, and I could not help marvelling that he should have found it possible to console himself so quickly.

None of my American acquaintances could tell me anything about the girl he had married. The first column of the Times informed us all that her maiden name had been Jessie Brown; and in some mysterious manner we became apprised of the fact that she had a little money, and also that she was, emphatically, a "nobody."

On becoming acquainted with Mrs. Staniland I recognized that some features at least in her clever countrywoman's prophetic portrait were not ill drawn. My friend's lovely young wife had undoubtedly "lived out West." She spoke with a strong Western accent.

Fashionable luxury was evidently new to her, and she was profoundly ignorant of "society" and all its ways of thinking, acting, and believing, though, with New World quickness, she soon learnt to adapt herself to its outward forms.

Yet her quaint rusticity was wholly free from any taint of coarseness or vulgarity. Indeed, it seemed impossible to connect such ideas, even for a moment, with so pure-minded, sweet-natured, and frank a creature as Jessie Staniland.

I saw from the first that she worshipped her stalwart artist-husband. A passing smile from him threw her into a tremor of delight, a caressing touch of his hand intoxicated her with happiness for the rest of the day. She lifted the book or the pencil he had laid aside with lingering reverence, as if it had become consecrated by mere contact with his divine fingers.

Her love for him admitted of no reserves or limitations: in her adoring eyes he was a stainless, all-wise hero, equally incapable of doing wrong or making a mistake. Poor Jessie!

I say poor Jessie advisedly; for I more than suspected that her idol's regard for her was by no means of this extravagant nature. Yet, if Staniland were not in love with his sweet wife, why on earth had he married her? Her paltry few hundreds a year would scarcely have tempted the neediest fortune-hunter, and he was peculiarly indifferent to money.

The most plausible solution of the mystery seemed to be that he had wedded the girl in haste, fired by her marvellous beauty, and that he was now repenting at leisure, his fastidious taste offended by her manifest ignorance of small conventionalities, and his sensitive pride wounded by the the manner in which the fashionable world saw fit to treat a gem that had never undergone the indispensable polishing process at the hands of any recognized social jeweler.

It seemed to me that the situation did not promise well for Jessie's happiness. But when, towards the close of the season, the Stanilands went abroad, and I, who wanted a holiday just then, went with them, it appeared to improve.

By the time we had completed our two months' tour, visiting innumerable places, and seeing sights and shows without end—to Staniland and myself stale and trite things enough for the most part, but to the little Western girl all new and delightful—I had almost succeeded in laying those ugly doubts that had bothered me in London entirely to rest; for the anxious lines on Staniland's forehead were fading away; his eyes, when they rested on his wife, grew daily softer and more full of content; Jessie herself wore the expression of newly-beatified saint; and I—well, I judged it advisable to develop a strong taste for solitary excursions on foot, and a novel passion for wandering about obscure galleries museums that no one else wished to explore. If at such times I became rather acutely conscious of the fact that I was a middle-aged journalist about whom nobody really cared a rap—what of that? I felt sure Jessie was secretly grateful to me.

September found us halting to rest at an out-of-the-way hotel high above the Lake of Como, where we lingered for more than a week, enjoying ourselves in a pleasant, unsophisticated fashion. One morning, however, I noticed that Staniland looked strangely perturbed during breakfast; and when we were alone—his wife having left us to smoke our matutinal pipes on the verandah while she gathered flowers for her tiny salon—I ventured to inquire if anything had gone wrong.

He flung himself back in his chair with an impatient gesture.

"Anything? Everything, I tell you! There is no conciliating my people—I might have known it. Still, I hardly thought they would have declared open war."

"Has it actually come to that?"

"You can judge for yourself. My brother Dick's eldest boy comes of age next month, and my mother declines to join the family gathering at Critchley if she is to meet my wife there. What am I to do?"

It was a difficult question to answer. No argument that he could use would be likely to avail anything with Lady Elizabeth, a woman whose ideas on the subject of matrimonial alliances would have done credit to a mediæval noble.

As the penniless daughter of an illustrious Duke who had made away with all the property at his disposal, mortgaged the remainder, and—it was unkindly whispered—finally quitted the world in an attack of delirium tremens, it doubtless behoved Staniland's mother to see that her children contracted no union unworthy their descent. And Jessie was the daughter of an American farmer in a ranching territory, who didn't "hire help," and whose elder sons were seeing life as cowboys in Nebraska.

"My mother cannot see that there may be two sides to a question," Staniland went on. "A man may have his reasons, his excuses——"

"I don't see that any excuse is needed here," I interrupted gruffly, knocking the ashes out of my pipe.

But Staniland was in a confidential mood, and chose to let my remark pass unnoticed. "You know what happened just before I went to America," he said. "I would have staked my life upon her faith; and she threw me over as lightly as she would have cut a bad dancer at an evening party. Love affairs were hardly likely to be much in my line after that. Well, traveling in the West, I met with an accident—rather a serious one. I'll tell you the details some other day."

"Enough that Jessie came to my rescue, complete stranger as I was, and effected it at some risk to herself. I was a good deal hurt, and I stayed on at her father's till I got well. We were always together, and I suppose I ought to have thought of possible consequences. But I swear I never did, until I saw one day——" He checked himself suddenly. "Well, it ended as you see."

So he had married Jessie Brown, not because he was in love with her, but because he had reason to think that she had fallen in love with him. There was a touch of the heroic in him, after all. But would he be able to maintain his heroic attitude? I doubted it. "A very natural ending," I commented aloud.

"I don't regret it; I don't mean to regret it," he continued, getting up and walking restlessly to and fro. "Yet what will happen when people see that my mother turns her back upon my wife?"

"Don't wait to see," I answered. He was ten years my junior, and I had always been accustomed to speak my mind to him with more than brotherly frankness. "Throw society overboard altogether, and keep out of England for a while. You will paint all the better pictures, probably, and your wife will be safe from possible annoyance."

Staniland's handsome bronzed face flushed. "Jessie might not like the idea," he murmured.

"Oh, as regards Mrs. Staniland," I responded coolly, "I imagine she would not dislike a desert island, if you inhabited it with her. You know that, I fancy."

He winced slightly. "I've a personal objection to desert islands," he said, with a forced laugh. "No, Holroyd, you ask too much. I can't consent to cut myself off from my kind: I can't live without any intellectual companionship. My wife knows nothing of art. And my pride is in question too. Am I to acknowledge openly that I have made a mistake?"

There was a moment's silence—I hate saying things I am likely to regret next day. The door of the room behind us shut sharply and suddenly, as if forced to by a gust of wind.

"Understand me," Staniland resumed, stopping in his walk. "I know I am responsible for Jessie's happiness, and I mean to make her happy. Also, I don't doubt for a moment that the responsibility has been good for me; if I had not married I should probably have gone utterly to the dogs before now. But I made a huge mistake when I thought I could coerce the world's opinion. Social rebels always end by getting the worst of it."

"That depends," I retorted. "Supposing real diamonds were temporarily out of fashion, and a certain kind of paste all the rage? A man who carried the Koh-i-noor about him might be content to let the world laugh at his taste."

I fancy I spoke bitterly, for he gave me a curious glance. Still, he guessed nothing: I am certain of that. He merely answered, with a touch of emotion, "Well, I shall take good care of my diamond, I hope," and soon after walked quietly away.

I did not see him again until we met at luncheon, and then his wife's face occupied my attention. In a few short hours it was appallingly changed. The girlish features had all at once acquired an indescribable look of age, and the eyes that were generally so bright had an expression of blank bewildered anguish in their own depths. What did this mean? As I sat pondering the question, a hideous idea suddenly fastened itself on my imagination and refused to be shaken off. Was it possible that Jessie had come back while her husband and I were talking on the verandah? Could it have been she who closed the door so sharply behind us? If so, God help her, poor child!

She was very silent during the meal, and when we returned to our rooms afterwards, she went out into the verandah and stood leaning against one of the iron supports, gazing straight before her. It struck me that the listless slender figure in its clinging white gown looked suggestively pathetic and forlorn in its desolation: and perhaps the same idea occurred to Staniland, for he presently laid down his newspaper and went to her, putting his arm caressingly about her shoulders, and saying some kindly word in a low voice.

For an instant—I saw it—she shrank from his caress. The next, the old fascination of his voice and touch prevailed, and she drew closer to him, trembling slightly. Her agitation seemed to surprise him.

"Is there anything amiss?" he asked, more audibly. "What is the matter, Jessie?"

"Nothing," she answered hurriedly—"at least, it's easy enough to fix things—and I mean to fix them right away. Don't you worry, Ralph, that's all." She turned her head suddenly and kissed the hand that lay on her shoulder. "Now I guess I'll go and lie down for a spell," she said. "That'll be best. You needn't come inquiring around, you know."

When she had gone upstairs, Staniland came back and sat down to his easel with a puzzled look. As for me, I got my hat and went out of doors—to keep guard. Jessie Staniland's present symptoms were plainly of a nature that required watching.

In front of the house was a great tree-camellia, and behind the camellia a garden-seat. Sitting there, I could command the door, while keeping myself out of sight; and I had not been sitting there ten minutes when Jessie came out, in her hat and light shawl, walking very fast. I stayed long enough to make sure that she had actually entered on a very steep, secluded path leading down to the lake—then I started for the same point by a short cut I knew. It was a rough descent, among tangled undergrowth and over rolling stones, but I am an active man, and I reached the water's edge long before poor Jessie. When I heard her footsteps approaching, I drew back under the trees.

She was still walking fast and firmly. Her face was deadly pale, and her eyes were oddly dilated; her delicate nostrils quivered like those of some wild creature in the toils; but her lips were resolutely set. She came to the brink of the beautiful steel-colored expanse without hesitation. As she reached it, I stepped forward, and laid my hand on her arm.

"Jessie Staniland," I said sternly, "why have you come here?"

She uttered a cry of surprise. Then she drew herself up proudly.

"What do you mean, Mr. Holroyd? And what brought you here, any way?"

"I came," I replied, watching the effect of my words narrowly, "because I saw that you were a little out of your mind for the moment. I came, as Ralph's oldest friend, to prevent your disgracing his name and breaking his heart by an act of frantic wickedness."

At the mention of her husband's name her proud self-assertion, her strong resolution gave way instantly: she burst into childlike, imploring sobs.

"Mr. Holroyd, have pity!—don't prevent me!" she pleaded. (I wonder if she fancied I might be persuaded to stand by and see her drown herself?) "It is for his sake. He feels he has made a mistake—I'm a burden to him—he is ashamed of me."

Her weeping choked her utterance, and she leaned against a tree, hiding her face on its hard rough trunk. I let her weep unchecked; it was not for me to comfort her.

"You think me very wicked, I suppose?" she said tremulously, when her first agony of tears was over.

"I'm afraid I do," I answered trenchantly. "Very reckless and selfish, to say the least of it."

"No, no!—not selfish!" she urged. "He would be happier without me—if he don't care." There was an eager, imploring question in her eyes.

I hesitated. I fancy there is in every man's life some moment decisive of the question whether the devil that is in him shall get the upper hand or no—and this was such a moment in mine.

"Mrs. Staniland," I said slowly at last, "what right have you to assume that your husband does not care for you? Are you

entitled to condemn him on the strength of a few hasty words, which you did not stay to hear him recall and explain? If," I added, resuming my severe tone, lest I should make a fool of myself—or worse, "you must listen to conversations never intended for your ears, you should, in common fairness, wait and hear them out."

The fire of renewed hope was in her wet eyes as I spoke. My work was done: the future lay with Staniland.

Three years had not passed without leaving trace of their passage on husband and wife alike: the lines on Ralph's forehead had deepened, and Jessie had quite lost her childlike look. Indeed, a certain pathetic wistfulness replaced, for the most part, her old sunny gaiety. Staniland was passionately absorbed in his work, but I noticed that he scarcely alluded to it at home; and Jessie, on her side, had ceased to put her former naive questions on art-subjects. Then he had become so palpably sensitive to small conversational sins, whether of omission or commission, and winced so painfully at the sound of an Americanism that would merely have provoked his indulgent laughter in the old days, that I was not surprised to find his wife's talk robbed of its old crisp charm, and grown formal and artificial. He still went a good deal into society, but Mrs. Staniland rarely accompanied him now; her little girl took up most of her time, she said. And Ralph allowed her excuses easily. It was plain that he had found his heroic attitude too difficult to maintain.

The winter after my return was a cruelly cold one, and when Christmas was over, Staniland decided on transferring himself and his household to the Riviera for a few months. Somewhat against my better judgment, I consented to join in the expedition.

Even on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean it was comparatively cold, and for several weeks the weather remained so ungenial that Staniland's projected sketching tour up country was out of the question. But about the middle of February it grew warm and bright, and on the eighteenth of the month we set off inland from Albenga, carrying our light baggage—which included Miss Staniland, a precocious damsel of two years old on the backs of stout mules, since the district we were to traverse boasted few roads; and reinforcing our small party by the addition of Dr. Hughes, a pleasant young Manchester physician with whom we had foregathered at Alassio.

Four days passed agreeably. The clerk of the weather remained in good humor; Staniland's portfolio filled rapidly, and Jessie bloomed out visibly in the sunshine; while Hughes and I geologized, and discussed the Eastern Question. On the fifth day we decided to shift our quarters from the village where we had been staying, to a certain old walled town about five miles higher up among the hills, and on arriving there, towards evening, found, to our dismay, that the one hostelry of the place was virtually full. Owing to an influx of pilgrims on their way to a mountain-shrine, there was only one room to be had in it. Of this Jessie, her child, and its nurse, took possession, while the rest of us were forced to seek quarters in the town, a queer old tumble-down place, full of ancient ramshackle houses five stories high, with streets like staircases and back lanes like ladders. The doctor and I put up at a decent-looking bakery, and Staniland was lodged in a vast and rather grimy apartment over some oil-vaults. Fortunately, we were not far from the inn, our various domiciles being alike situated in the small rectangular piazza.

Tired after a long tramp in the keen mountain air, I slept soundly till a few minutes after six the next morning—at least, I am told that it must have been at that moment I was suddenly roused by a hideous unearthly noise. I sprang up in bed, my ears full of a sound of rending and riving that seemed to ascend from unknown depths, mingling itself with a sharper splitting and cracking close at hand, and with a general jingle and clash of all the small objects in the room, and became conscious of a horrible swaying to and fro, a sickening sensation of being flung out into space.

"An earthquake!" I exclaimed involuntarily, as I leaped to the floor, and saw, in the dim morning twilight, the discolored walls leaning and bending towards me; and I was answered by the crash of falling stonework and timber, and by a perfect hurricane of shrieks from the terrified inmates of the house, who were rushing downstairs in an agony of fear. I have never been used to consider myself a coward, but I own frankly that in the few seconds it took me to hurry on some clothes—Hughes at the door all the while entreating me to "make haste, for God's sake!"—I realized pretty clearly what a schoolboy means by a blue funk.

I hardly remember how we got down into the piazza among the frantic, shrieking, praying crowd. I was rushing in the direction of the inn, putting aside some half-maddened women who threw themselves in my way with unintelligible entreaties for aid, and calling on Hughes to follow me, when I felt myself clutched by the arm. There stood Jessie, her bright hair loose, a fur-cloak thrown over her white morning-wrapper, with Dorothy in her arms; just behind her was the nurse, sobbing and wringing her hands in a pitiable state of terror. "Stop, Mr. Holroyd! Where is my husband?"

"Ralph?" I stammered. "Oh, he is safe—quite safe—depend upon it! He will be here in a minute, no doubt!"

"I do not see him!" she answered, steadily. "Where is the house? Take me there!"

Somehow or other I cleared a way for her through the press, which was growing very dense. The piazza was the only open space in the unhappy town, and all those who had escaped alive and uninjured were rushing into it. I do not believe that she—any more than I—was conscious of the people's cries—scarcely of their presence. After all, we had but a few steps to go.

She grasped my arm more firmly as we came before the house. It had suffered terribly: the roof and upper stories had fallen in, and the staircase, open to the piazza, was a heap of debris. Only the first and second floors (Staniland was sleeping on the first) and the basement walls still stood firm, together with a portion of the loggia. A family group—the people of the house, doubtless—was gathered close by; but no Staniland.

"He is in there!" Jessie rather gasped than spoke. "Speak to him—call him!"

"I don't believe he is there," I replied mendaciously. "He probably got down before the staircase fell. He must be somewhere in the crowd."

"Call him!" she repeated fiercely. "The window has fallen in—he will hear."

I raised my voice: "Staniland!"

There was no reply.

"Staniland, your wife is here! For God's sake, try to answer—if only a word!"

There must have been some sort of lull in the pandemonium of sound around us, or I could not have caught Staniland's weak answering, "Here!"

"The staircase is down," I shouted again; "can you get to the window?"

I lost his answer in a new outburst of terrified distress from the crowd. Jessie turned to them with a passionate gesture of appeal. "Have you no pity, drowning his voice with your foolish noise?" she cried, forgetting that they could not understand her. But the gesture had been enough: there was a moment's hush, and I could repeat my questioning shout.

This time the reply reached us. "No; a beam has fallen, I cannot move. I was taking down my palette from the wall ——" His voice died suddenly away, and I guessed that he had fainted.

"He was up; he was going out early to get a sunrise-effect," said Jessie, with white lips and a steady voice. "A ladder—ask them where. You and Dr. Hughes go for it."

Luckily, I speak Italian fluently; and the ladder was not far to seek. In two minutes we had clutched our prize, and were crossing the piazza with it, in one more we had set it against the house-wall. There we stood still in despairing terror, It was too short!

Hughes and I exchanged silent glances; then I turned miserably to look at Jessie. But she had disappeared, and in her place stood only the weeping nurse, now holding the child. "Where is your mistress?" I cried roughly. She sobbed, and pointed wildly upwards; and I looked, and saw, high above our heads, clinging to the wall, where a projecting broken ledge gave slender and precarious foothold, Jessie.

In a moment I understand it all. The staircase of the house next to that in which Staniland lay imprisoned had only partially broken down. She had managed to climb it, to cross a first-floor room, and to reach that terrible ledge by which she was attempting to go to her husband. My brain reeled, I turned away from the sight, and, without uttering a word, I cried to Heaven as a man might cry in his death-agony.

The suspense lasted only a few seconds. As I turned back again, a mighty sob of relief broke from the fascinated crowd around me: some of the women fell on their knees, audibly blessing the Madonna. And Jessie, reaching the comparative safety of the loggia, lifted herself to the broken window-sill of the room where her husband lay. I caught his faint, horrified exclamation: "Jessie!"

"Yes, Ralph," she replied, in the quietest, most matter-of-fact voice possible. "The ladder's too short, and I guess it'll be a good spell before they find another. So I came right in this way; I was used to climb in our forests, you know." She slipped down into the room as she spoke.

I suppose I stood still, staring blankly after her; for Hughes shook me sharply by the arm. "In Heaven's name, man, ask these fellows where another ladder is to be found," he said. "I can't make them understand me. Good God, a second shock!"

He spoke truly. Again came that sullen roar like subterranean thunder, again the solid earth heaved and swayed under our feet, again the air about us was filled with the crash of falling buildings and the cries of perishing human beings. The events it has taken so many words to recount had all been enacted in less than ten minutes.

* * * * * *

The soldiers from the lonely hill-fort near came and helped us in the perilous work of digging through the ruins; and when the townsfolk had told them Jessie's story, they toiled like men possessed. Yet the afternoon shadows had grown very long before we could release husband and wife—both still alive, thank God!—from that terrible prison, and to me the day "had counted for ten years."

Away from the doomed town, suddenly converted into a city of the slain, to the sunlit slope of the olive-clothed hill beyond its gates, what a contrast! Staniland was perfectly conscious, and, though suffering exquisite pain—the beam that had fallen upon him had shattered his left arm, and crushed one side in a terrible fashion—he was able to lift himself up and drink from the traveling-flask I fortunately discovered unbroken in his own pocket. But Jessie lay quite motionless, and when the doctor had knelt beside her for a minute or two, he turned and shook his head slightly, with a look impossible to misunderstand.

Staniland saw the look, and dragged himself to his feet, barely repressing a cry of pain. "Give me your arm," he said shortly, and I obeyed him. Happily, Jessie lay only a few steps off.

He sank down on one knee beside her, Hughes making way for him, and lifted her head from the lap of the peasant woman who was supporting it, to his own uninjured arm. Perhaps the movement roused her, for she opened her eyes.

"Where is Ralph?" she asked anxiously.

"Here, darling."

"Are you hurt?" she inquired, putting up a feeble hand to touch his cheek.

He muttered something only half audible about "a few bruises," his lips all the while white with suffering, and great drops of anguish standing cold on his forehead. But her eyes were too dim to see that: and I thanked God for it.

"I am glad," she murmured faintly. "It would have been bad for Dolly if we'd both died."

Staniland broke—poor fellow!—into passionate protestations that she must not die, he could not live without her.

"Oh, yes, dear! I guess you can," she returned, with a strange little smile. "I tried hard—and I think I improved some—but you must have felt mad with me—times and times. And you'll have Dolly and your pictures, and Mr. Holroyd 'll be ever so good to you. It's all just right; for you do feel like loving me now, don't you?"

He hung over her in an agony of love and grief, uttering broken words of impassioned, remorseful tenderness, which shall not be set down here. She smiled again, in a satisfied way.

"Don't you worry, darling," she responded, very faintly indeed this time. "You've been real patient with me, I think. Kiss me again, Ralph; it's—it's getting very cold, isn't it?" A pause. "So cold—we'll have snow before night. And the boys have gone up to the Big Pasture—they ought to come home—right away——"

For a while no one moved or spoke, only the peasant woman close by crossed herself quietly. Then Dr. Hughes, with his eyes full of tears, stepped forward and touched Staniland gently on the shoulder.

SHE—"Dearest, do you believe there is luck in odd numbers?" He—"I'm sure I don't know. Why, dear?" She—"Well, this is the third time we have been engaged to each other, you know, and I thought possibly we might marry this time."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SHAMROCK.—Those who believe that one of the lost tribes of Israel settled in Ireland lay stress on the fact that "shamrakh" is the Arabic word for trefoil, which, under the name of shamrock, has been made the national bloom of Ireland.

PATIENCE.—Dr. Claude A. Southwell, of Milwaukee, claims to have written 12,191 words on a small postal card. A good conception of the fineness of his work may be gained from the fact that he has written the Lord's prayer five times in the space of a dime.

THE PALM.—One of the peculiarities of the cocoanut palm is that it never stands upright. A Malayan saying has it that: "He who has looked upon a dead monkey; he who has found the nest of the paddy-bird; he who hath beheld a straight cocoanut, or has fathomed the deceitful heart of woman, will live forever."

FINGER TIPS OF IDIOTS.—Impressions of the finger tips of idiots have been found to show very different markings from those of sane people. In a number of idiots the markings on the tips of all the fingers of each hand were identical, and in one idiot the tips of the thumbs had the same markings as those of the fingers. There was a noticeable smoothness of the finger tips in all the idiots.

A LONG MONDAY.—In the Galtee or Gaultie mountain, situated between the counties of Cork and Tipperary, there are seven lakes, in one of which, called Lough Diveen, it is said St. Patrick, when banishing the snakes and toads from Ireland, chained a monster serpent, telling him to remain there until Monday. The serpent is reputed to call out every Monday morning in Irish, "It is a long Monday, Patrick."

BAKERS.—Special laws for bakers have been in existence since early times. In parts of Asia, whenever famine threatened, it has been customary for the rulers to proclaim a fixed price called a narkh, or nark (as it is pronounced in India). On this account dishonest bakers were nailed to their doorposts by their ears in some parts of Asia, while the more polite French have contented themselves for 600 years and at the present time with nailing their prices in their shops.

MONKEYS.—Oriental tradition assigns to monkeys a very peculiar beginning. Satan, we are told, tried to imitate the works of the Creator, but failed signally to equal them. Instead of the horse, he could produce only the ass; instead of the fish, a serpent; and instead of man, the monkey. Yet in India, the paradise of monkeys, they are held in high honor because of the aid which their king, Hanooman, in the days of old, gave to the god Rama when, to rescue his wife, Sita, he invaded Ceylon; Hanooman helping to bridge the strait.

CHINESE MOURNING.—In full mourning among the Chinese the black strands of the queue are replaced by white ones, and in second mourning by light blue or green. It is an unpardonable breach of etiquette for an inferior to enter the presence of a superior with his pig-tail wound round his neck or head, and the greatest insult one man can offer another is to pull his pig-tail. It seems very odd to see sailors on ship or in barracks combing each other's long tresses, or coolies at the street corners performing the same friendly office. Custom forbids a man to wear a beard and mustache until he becomes a grandfather.

AMBER.—Genuine amber is becoming scarcer every year, and it will not be long before a real amber cigar holder or pipe stem will be a rarity and a luxury. The true amber is a fossil gum, which was produced in large quantities by trees having a resinous sap, which flowed down the trunks and gathered in masses at the roots. It is found in the ground of marshes and other places where forests flourished in former times, and is also secured by dredging. The Baltic and Black Seas and the German Ocean formerly produced it in considerable quantities, but their supplies are now pretty much exhausted. There is a little satisfaction, however, in knowing that the imitation amber is just as good as the real. On this account we will still be able to smoke pipes and use cigar and cigarette holders that look and taste just as good as genuine amber. Save for these purposes little amber is used in this country, but in India and China large lumps of the product are in great demand. For some cause or other an amber idol is far more highly prized in these countries than even golden gods, and as a result the finest pieces of amber go to the East to make deities for the pagans.

LOOKING ALONG THE STREAM.

BY MARKHAM HOWARD.

Beneath the white-clad cistus
  Do the lilies droop and dream,
In the studeless heat of noonday,
  In the white sun's flashing beam,
And the birds in silence listen
  To the wooing of the stream.

And young eyes, quick and eager,
  To the bright horizon stray,
As the silver lights of fancy
  On the distant wavelets play,
And they long to reach and mingle
  With the beauty far away.

And old eyes, calm and restful,
  Look back as the waters flow,
And along each shining sun-ray
  See some tender mem'ry glow,
Which makes a radiant picture
  Of the vanish'd long-ago.

Still on in sunny shimmer
  Will the busy streamlet wind,
While the bright eyes still look forward,
  And the dim eyes look behind.
But, each way, upon the waters
  There's a sunshine sweet to find,

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S PORTION," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HILDA followed Mrs. Mountjoy silently down the stairs of the hospital and out through the dim hall to the wide pavement, and then turned aside. But Mrs. Mountjoy put out a detaining hand.

"Why walk in this awful mud when you can ride?" she asked, with a friendly smile.

Hilda drew back from the outstretched hand with a gesture of aversion.

"I can accept nothing from you," she said haughtily—"not even the temporary use of your carriage, Mrs. Mountjoy."

"But, dear child, do listen to reason! I have thin shoes on; if you compel me to walk through this mud, I shall be laid up with a sore throat for a week at least."

"I have no desire for your company."

"But I have for yours! Come—be sensible! Think what a quaint procession we shall make, hurrying down the Strand—or wherever your route lies—you and I, and the brougham following!"

"Do you mean that you will follow me whether I wish it or not?"

"I am afraid I do; at any rate, I don't mean to let you out of my sight until I have had quite a long talk with you, and explained away one or two mistakes you have made."

"I don't wish to hear your explanations, thank you."

"Isn't that rather a selfish view of the case, seeing that I am dying to make them? Come—be generous! Give in to my wishes this time!"

Hilda looked up and down the street in passionate anger, and was half inclined to run away.

"Can't you say what you have to say here?" she inquired.

"Well, I can; but, you see, one gets so pushed about standing on the pavement! It will be so much more comfortable if you will let me take you home with me to luncheon!"

"No—I will not go with you!" answered Hilda very decisively.

"Then let me drive you home—or part of the way home?"—this last suggestion in answer to a suspicious glance.

But Hilda still stood her ground doggedly, and Mrs. Mountjoy continued—

"My dear Mrs. Hayes, this world is full of woes brought about by the most absurd mistakes. See, for instance, how mistaken you and Mr. Hayes have been about the poor creature we have just left! Won't you believe me when I tell you that you have been as mistaken in another matter? Won't you at least give me the chance of proving to you that it is so?"

"Are you still on the lookout for fresh material?" asked Hilda, maintaining her hauteur only by a great effort. It was so easy to win her with a gentle word that only the memory of her past wrongs enabled her still to harden her heart against Mrs. Mountjoy. "Do you want to lay bare the workings of my soul, that you take notes of its flinchings and writhings for your next novel? No wonder your books thrill as they do—they are written with the heart's blood of your victims!"

Mrs. Mountjoy winced, and her face turned pale under the passionate accusation.

"How you do hate me!" she said softly. "I like a good hater, and I especially like you for hating me. I know, if it were possible for us to change places at this moment, I should also hate with all my heart. Now I'm going to ask you once more to come home with me, or let me come home with you, and, if you refuse again, I declare I'll tell you all I have to tell here, on the pavement; and then there'll be a crowd round us, gaping and staring and wanting to know what I'm doing to the young woman to make her cry like that, for I warn you, Mrs. Hayes, you will cry!"

At last Hilda made a movement suggestive of reluctant submission, and turned towards the waiting brougham.

"Tell him to go to No. 19, Pontifex Street, Pimlico," she said, as she stepped into the daintily-appointed carriage.

And Mrs. Mountjoy, in giving the direction to the man on the box, added a few eager hasty words on her own account before she followed—words which sent the groom off again in a violent hurry as soon as he had set the two ladies down at Pontifex Street.

Without a word, Hilda led the way upstairs and opened the door of her bare-looking sitting-room. She placed a chair near the fire for Mrs. Mountjoy, and then stood pulling off her gloves by the table, waiting in resolute silence for her unwelcome visitor to speak.

Mrs. Mountjoy laughed gently, for she could afford to laugh now.

"You have one very original quality that I admire immensely, Mrs. Hayes—a determination not to be driven into saying anything against your own inclination."

It was not in Hilda's nature to be ungracious, and she flushed vividly at the implied charge of inhospitality.

"You remember how hard I tried on that first night at Petmanhurst to make you say you were glad to make my acquaintance, and how I failed?"

"I am not often like that. I had good reasons for acting as I did," Hilda answered, in a low tone.

"Or thought you had," Mrs. Mountjoy corrected gently. "Certainly, from your point of view, you were justified; I admit that. I admit too that you are about the toughest antagonist I ever faced; and so, before I confess all my sin and wickedness, I cry you mercy! After all, it should not be so difficult to forgive me, because I have done you no real harm."

Hilda opened her lips impetuously, as though she meant to give a passionate denial to this assertion, then checked her words with an effort at self-command which left her wan and listless again.

"What is the use of recrimination now that it is all over and done with?" she said. "Mr. Hayes and you have gained your end—never mind by what means. I have left my husband's house. What more do you want? Can you not leave me in peace?"

"Not until I have set you straight on one or two matters; though perhaps I sha'n't appear to very great advantage in the business. I'm shamefully and abjectly in love with your husband, Mrs. Hayes; but, alas, he is old-fashioned enough to be in love with his own wife! Oh, you may laugh, my dear little lady, and look as if you think it a very ill-timed joke, but it is a fact nevertheless! I grant you he has not behaved very like a lover lately, but that was your own fault. If you held him off so persistently at arm's-length, what was he to do? It was of no use trying to force your affection, so he was obliged to descend to stratagem."

"Stratagem?"

"He had already tried patience and goodness. What else was there left to him?"

"Stratagem?" repeated Hilda again, as if bewildered.

"I am afraid that in the long run my explanations will leave you with a rather worse opinion of me than before," Mrs. Mountjoy went on—and there was not quite the usual confidence in her voice or manner; "but I don't know that that will really matter. I suppose I'm in a sentimental mood just now—as a rule, I care little enough for the opinions of those about me—but I should be glad to keep your husband's friendship, and it would give me very real pleasure to count you among my friends too, Mrs. Hayes."

Hilda did not answer this direct appeal; she seemed not to have heard it. Her thoughts were too occupied with another idea.

"What do you mean by stratagem?" she asked, still striving hard to preserve the calmness she had assumed from the beginning of the interview, "Who has descended to stratagem?"

Mrs. Mountjoy shrugged her shoulders, with a smile at the suppressed eagerness on Hilda's pale face.

"It was a stratagem between your husband and me, this extravagant yearning for each other's society, this boasted similarity of tastes, and all the rest of the nonsense. We planned it between us in the hope of driving you into betraying the true state of your feelings."

Hilda' calmness deserted her now. She could hardly believe what she heard; it was too good to be true. And yet, even in the midst of this sudden rush of joy, she could not forget the anguish of the past two months.

"He could do that!" she faltered tremblingly. "He could take pleasure in torturing me like that!"—and she turned her face aside to hide her tears.

"My dear child," murmured Mrs. Mountjoy, aghast at this view of the matter, "what else had you left him to do? It was done unwillingly enough, I assure you; and, even after we had fairly started, he would have given up half a dozen times if I had not kept him to it."

With a sudden recollection of the scene in the Petmanhurst library, Hilda dropped her hands from before her face and turned towards Mrs. Mountjoy in bitter vehement indignation.

"I don't believe it—not one word of it! You have planned this explanation for some reason of your own! You all set me down for a stupid girl, as that poor woman did who is dying yonder! You think you can tell me whatever story you choose, and I shall believe it! Perhaps, in a general way, I am as foolish as you imagine, but not in anything that concerns him—my husband. You were not only playing at love-making all the time, Mrs. Mountjoy. I overheard you speak to him once when you thought nobody was by; you said something about no longer having any power over him. But it was not the words; it was your voice—there was no pretence about that! I could not be deceived—I could not!"

Mrs. Mountjoy shrank back in her chair before the fierce anger of the attack, and her face was looking rather drawn as she answered, with winning pleasantry—

"Well, but I have confessed to being abjectly in love with him, you know."

"But you did not mean me to take you in earnest?" cried Hilda again. "You meant to deceive me! What did the words matter? You meant to deceive me!"

There was a short silence between them. Hilda stood with her glowing eyes fixed upon the elder woman's downcast face, and Mrs. Mountjoy sat quite still for so long that Hilda wondered if she would ever speak again. When she at last looked up and smiled entreatingly, Hilda held her breath in wonder at the change in her visitor's face, so humbled was it and so deprecating.

"When I insisted upon this interview, Mrs. Hayes, I thought I was going to set very generously by you. Now the tables are turned, and I shall have to throw myself on your generosity. Did you ever know where your husband and I first met each other?"

"No."

"It was at Marseilles. He was seeing a friend off to Algiers—a man who was going shooting. I had been to see somebody off by the same boat; and, as we returned across the quay, he rendered me some little service. That was the beginning. Afterwards I managed to keep him in view. We did most of the journey back together; and I contrived to force him to call upon me twice after we reached London. Then, by a piece of luck, as I thought, he was at the theatre one night when I was there with Lady Tocatta, and I found she knew him. When I frankly confessed my infatuation, she laughed—she had heard me say the same thing about a dozen men—and sent for him to come up to the box. At the end of the evening, in response to a hint of mine, she asked him to Petmanhurst, and in the invitation she included—his wife. I had known him nearly three weeks, and that was the first intimation I had that he was married!"

Hilda moved a step or two nearer to Mrs. Mountjoy. The angry gleam had died out of her face, but even now she was only half convinced.

"I begin to see," she said. "And he——"

"Knew nothing of it—for which you must thank his humble estimation of himself rather than any effort of self-denial on my part; for my infatuation died hard. I was reckless at first, and wormed myself into his confidence by every means in my power. It was not at all easy to make him talk; but any woman with a little tact can turn a man inside out if she makes up her mind to it, and I soon found out that his marriage was an unhappy one. Any satisfaction I might have felt at this discovery was nullified by another I made at the same time—he was hopelessly, adoringly, passionately in love with his wife!"

Hilda drew a deep quivering breath. For the moment, in her warm sympathy for another, she had almost forgotten her own personal intent in the story.

Mrs. Mountjoy made a gesture as if she were casting something from her, and folded her hands quietly upon her knees again.

"Well, that ended it. I was not a girl, to carry my heart about on my sleeve; and perhaps this very power of keeping my feelings out of sight helped me to understand something of his state of mind. I gradually led him to talk to me about you; and then I suggested the little comedy at Petmanhurst to him. 'Let your wife see that others appreciate you if she does not,' I said; 'let her see how charming you can be.' Well, he loathed the idea; but I was persistent, and in the end he gave in. I don't want to take any credit that does not belong to me. I would set things right between you and him if I could; but I don't think my motive was purely unselfish. I was willing to grasp at any scheme that gave me an excuse for being with him, even if it was only for a time; and perhaps—I don't know—I am not certain of myself—there might have been some thought that, if the reconciliation with you proved impracticable, it might be as well to be at hand to comfort him. I am candid, you see; and you mustn't be too hard on me for it, for, after I once found how it was with him, I never played you false. I worked honestly for the one end—his happiness. And that is the whole story, I think. You must always remember that to me you owe nothing. If you are happy together in the future, as I hope and believe you will be, your happiness will be due only to the one thing—your husband's unassailable and unalterable love for you. I would give up all my success in the past, all my ambition for the future to inspire such a love; but that will never be. Men have not that reverential love for women who have gone through the fire as I have; it is only the innocence of inexperience and the purity of ignorance that call forth that special type of adoration in a great-hearted man."

It was her one little sneer on this occasion, perhaps inevitable in the circumstances, and it passed unheeded.

She rose from her chair, moved over to the window, and stood looking down into the street below.

"There is no longer any doubt in your mind now?" she queried presently. "You will forgive your husband his little ruse, and be kind to him?"

"Forgive him?" said Hilda, with a sob. "Will he forgive me? He has more—oh, much more!—to forgive than I!"

"I dare say; we all make mistakes sometimes." There was a touch of patient indifference in her manner now. She was not in the mood to listen to the confidences of Mrs. Hayes.

But her fear on that score was uncalled for. After that one irrepressible outburst, Hilda recovered her self-possession. Genuinely sorry as she was for Mrs. Mountjoy, she could not forget in a moment the sufferings of the past two months. They would never be friends, there would never be thorough cordiality between them, however much they wished it.

From her post at the window, Mrs. Mountjoy saw her brougham returning, and, with a curt adieu, was gone before Hilda had realized her intention. And then, left alone, little Mrs. Hayes knelt down and laid her head upon her clasped hands on the table before her and began to think over the morning's disclosures. Gradually the unnatural hardness of the past few months left her, and tears began to steal down her white cheeks.

"She is upstairs," said Mrs. Mountjoy, opening the street door in time to stop Hayes' ringing. "Why were you so long? I have outstayed my welcome long since."

"You look ghastly!" he exclaimed. "There is nothing wrong? She——"

"No, no; she is quite well. The front room on the first floor! And Pierre, that other one—the Mostyn woman—she deceived you to the last. The woman you saw at Edinburgh, the woman you surprised a week ago at Cruxwold, was not your own wife after all; she was really the other sister, Amabel."

"Good heavens, Melusine!"

"There, there—you can't stop to listen

to the whole story now, with that little crushed blossom waiting for you upstairs; but you may take my word for it. Ask Hilda to tell you all about it; she knows. There is nothing, not even a stupid misconception, any longer between you. Go and be happy! Good-by!'

"I will see you later on, and thank you," he said, as he helped her into the brougham.

She smiled back an assent, and asked him to tell the man to drive to Victoria Station. She went straight across to Dieppe; and three years passed away before she touched English ground again.

"Hilda," said Pierrepoint very softly, when he had shut the door behind him, "what is it you have to tell me about Alice Mostyn? Is it true? Try to tell me, my child—think what it means to me! Wasn't it Alice Mostyn, after all?"

Hilda raised her tear-stained face, and looked up at him dubiously, wondering and half bewildered at his sudden appearance.

"No," she replied; "it was the other sister, Amabel. I have seen her this morning, and she has confessed that she cheated us."

He put his hand up to his forehead, as if he hardly realized the full meaning of her words.

"It must be the season of surprises, I think," he observed, with a pleading smile. "I have heard something else too since I last saw you—something even more surprising and harder to believe than what you have just told me."

"Yes?" she murmured faintly, studying his face curiously. There was something about him which puzzled her. He looked worn and haggard, and there was a restless eagerness in his manner which suggested that his nerves were not so thoroughly under control as usual; but then his eyes were shining with a radiance she had never seen in them before—a radiance which frightened and delighted her at the same time.

"Yes—much harder to believe. I heard that—— I don't think I can tell you, after all; it would be so horrible if you denied it. Now that this Mostyn mystery is all exploded, Hilda, will you come back to Cruxwold?"

"Yes, Pierre," answered Hilda softly.

"And—willingly?"

"Yes, Pierre; I will do—willingly—whatever you ask of me!"

"Then it was true what I heard!" he cried, with a glad boyish laugh. "Hilda, my little sweetheart, my love!"

The next moment he was pressing her to his heart, with a feeling that henceforth life would be all sunshine for him.

His voice was very husky when he spoke again.

"What a feeling it is, this oneness, this sense of perfect unity! I played a desperate game for you, darling, and three several times I thought it was all to no purpose. What should I have done if I had lost you?"

Hilda laughed unsteadily and clung closer to him.

"Don't waste time over that now," she said, with a half-shy audacity. "Let us think about what you will do now you have won me."

* * * * * *

"It really is you!" said the Duchess of Witton, crossing over to where Mr. and Mrs. Hayes stood talking to Lady Morristown at the first Drawing-room of the season. "I could not persuade myself that it was you, Mrs. Hayes, until I saw your husband. He is not the sort of man one forgets easily; but you! What have you been doing to her, Lady Morristown? I never saw anybody so improved in so short time! Let me see—how long is it? Scarcely two months! Oh, by-the-bye, that law-suit about which you rushed off in such a hurry—it came off all right, I hope?"

Hayes glanced at his wife with a twinkle in his happy blue eyes.

"Yes, Duchess, thank you; we won all the way round."

"That's right! It gave us all quite a turn. Didn't it, Lady Morristown? It was like a chapter out of a sensational novel! Discovery of the missing will—disinheritance of the rightful heir—and so forth! So Maud has consented to make Dauncey a happy man at last, Lady Morristown? I suppose she'll be the next member of the family to make her curtsey on her marriage? By-the-bye, have any of you heard from my erratic friend Melusine Mountjoy lately? I've had only one letter since Christmas. She begs me to leave her alone in her tumble down Italian hovel—says her next novel is to put her at the top of the list of living writers if we will only not interfere with her inspiration. She says she is weaving the thread of the story out of her own heart-strings, and it is a romance of renunciation, whatever that may be. Queer creature, isn't she?"

Nobody made any answer, and her Grace proceeded to the next topic in her usual inconsequent fashion.

Hilda was hardly her gay self at the family dinner-party in Wilton Crescent that evening, and Hayes, quick to notice her moods, rallied her upon it when they returned to the quiet hotel where they were staying until the finishing touch was put to the new appointments in their town house. She was sitting on the hearth-rug in her bed-room in front of a blazing fire when he made the accusation, and she leaned her head back against his knee with a thoughtful look in her eyes.

"It is quite true, dearest," she said, gently; "I have had a fit of the 'blues' to-day. You know what a senseless way I have of taking up notions and fancies without any foundation whatever? Well, to-day a sudden doubt came to me whether I was really the woman you ought to have married."

"My darling!"

"Whether it would not have been better for you and—and—and the world in general if you had married a woman with more in her—a woman who would have entered into all your pursuits and plans."

"But don't you enter into them, Hilda?"

"Well, I try, Pierre; but I am such a silly shallow sort of person, my contribution to the state councils always consists of a meek assent to your proposals."

"And that is exactly what I like, sweetheart! Were you thinking of handing me over to some domineering woman who would make a rule of setting up her will in opposition to mine on every point? Hilda, if I had to choose over again from the whole world, I should choose as I chose before."

And, hearing it, how could she help being very happy, in spite of the thoughts which would torment her tender heart as often as she recalled that picture of a lonely woman in a lowly Italian cottage, weaving "a romance of renunciation out of her own heart-strings?"

[THE END]

MISSING SHIPS.

EARLY in the morning of the 9th of March, 1891, a terrible storm was traveling in from the North Atlantic swiftly, yet surely, towards the southwest coast of England. March had come in like a lion, in agreement with the old adage; nevertheless, this particular dawn gave every promise of a fine day. Not only were local weather prophets caught napping, but also the London Weather Department.

About eleven o'clock in the morning snow was falling at Plymouth, with a gradually increasing breeze, which, when the sun sank sullenly below the horizon, had attained to almost hurricane violence, and was sweeping all before it.

Wrecks strewed the coast between Start Point and Falmouth, where many a seafarer lost his life, and cruel suffering entailed upon those who survived the storm.

Two Liverpool vessels, the Marana, a steamship of 1683 tons register, bound to Colombo; and the Dryad, a full-rigged sailing-ship of 1035 tons, bound for Valparaiso, went ashore within a short span of each other, when over fifty lives were sacrificed. Two small schooners, the Lunesdale and the Lizzie Ellen, also came to grief.

A steamship, the Dundela, from St. Michael with fruit, was lost during the night near Falmouth; and next morning the splendid four-masted ship, Bay o Panama, of 2282 tons register, from Calcutta, with 17,000 bales of jute for Dundee, was driven on shore. Captain Wright, his wife, five officers, four apprentices, and six of her seamen, were either washed away or frozen to death, while lashed to the rigging awaiting succor.

Wires were all down, and some time necessarily elapsed before news reached the gallant little band of coastguardmen, although every effort was made, even in the height of the storm, by dwellers on shore to make known the disaster and render assistance.

More than thirty small sailing-craft making passages between ports situated around the south-west coasts have been posted as missing in consequence of that storm. These vessels ranged from thirty to three hundred tons register, carried from three to nine men each, and were as a rule laden with heavy cargoes, such as coal, slate, and ore.

A recently published table sets forth the names, ports of registry, tonnage, and other particulars of British ships posted or reported as missing during the year ended 30th June 1891. No fewer than eighty-five vessels disappeared beneath the waves during that period.

Eighty of these unfortunates were carrying-craft, four were fishing-boats, and there was also one pleasure yacht. Thirteen were staunch sailing-vessels, twelve iron and one wood, of over one thousand tons register, nearly all of which at various times have come under the writer's personal observation.

The Clyde and the Mersey each owned five; Dundee, London, and Nova Scotia, one each. Three were bound from New Zealand to London with cargoes of frozen meat, having previously made several successful voyages in the same trade over a similar track.

A Liverpool ship, the Lord Raglan, of 2078 tons register, was the largest missing ship during the twelve months. She was almost a new vessel, and coming home from San Francisco with a costly cargo of grain.

Some seven hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope, on the track to Australia over the southern sea, lies a group of islands known as the Crozets, which are uninhabited, but where, during the past seventy years, men from missing ships have spent many months in misery and the gnawing despair of hope long deferred.

A vessel named Princess of Wales struck on one of these rocky pinnacles and sank. Her crew escaped in two boats, that both reached the inhospitable shore, but in different parts, effectually inaccessible one from the other by reason of intervening natural obstacles. From March to December the two parties were cut off from each other; but in the latter month, the southern midsummer, they were reunited by accident.

Their food consisted of seals and seabirds; their clothes were fashioned from sealskins sewn together with sea-elephant sinews by means of an old nail which had been converted into a needle.

Friends at home had long given up all hope, when, after twenty-two months of leaden-footed hours had elapsed, a whaling schooner, the Phito of Boston, U. S. A., rescued them from a living death, and they were sent home.

An old sailor had taken upon himself the responsible duty of watching for passing ships; and when gladdened by the sight of this solitary sail, a mere speck upon the wide waste of waters, the attention of the crew was attracted by the red glare of a beacon fire.

Upon a boat coming ashore for the long-lost ones, they scampered into the sea, casting of their sealskin garments by the way, in a natural eagerness to return once more to the haunts of civilization. The rescuers were alarmed at first, fearing lest they might unwittingly have fallen in with an unknown race of wild men.

In 1876 an iron ship, the Strathmore, with a crew of thirty-eight men and fifty passengers, went on shore at Apostle Island. Only forty-nine out of the eighty-eight people on board were saved, including a woman and a child. Little wreckage of any value to the shipwrecked crew came on shore except a chest containing a few coverlets, knives and forks, spoons, preserved meats, and two parasols.

Strange to say, these parasols were especially useful, inasmuch as the ironwork about them was made into needles, with which skins were sewn together to make necessary garments by means of thread drawn out from canvas, or, failing this, the longest grass available. Preserved meat-cans served for saucepans, which when worn out were replaced by hollow stones.

From July to January only four vessels passed their island above the horizon; but signals made by the people of the Strathmore were probably unperceived. The captain of an American whaler passing by this out-of-the-way island, went aloft to view more distinctly the dangerous rocks, and noticing something strange, stood in to discover its meaning.

Shore-signals were reported from the whaler's elevated 'crow's nest;' and boats sent on shore brought back the survivors of the ill-fated Strathmore. Five had succumbed to privations experienced on this isolated island; but the American captain gave up his cruise in order to land the others at the nearest part.

Still later, the Knowsley Hall utterly disappeared, and it was thought that some of her crew, together with men from several other missing ships, might have reached the Crozets. Her Majesty's ship Comus, Captain East, was despatched; but after careful search, not a trace of any castaway crew was observed.

A cairn erected by the Strathmore party was still erect, and easily distinguishable from afar. An old hut was found on Apostle Island, which was at once stocked with provisions suitable for shipwrecked people.

Huts were built by the men of the Comus on Hog Island and Possession Island, and well filled with tinned meats. A board affixed to each dwelling-place bore the following notice: "These provisions are only for shipwrecked people. H. M. S. Comus, March 0, 1880."

Cape Horn, again, has an unenviable notoriety; and in 1880 Her Majesty's ship Champion searched every nook around Tierra del Fuego, but without avail, although some thought that men from the missing ships Melanesia, Cumeria, and Bio-Bio might have reached the land about there in open boats.

Until quite recently, ships wrecked off Cape Horn left their crews as utterly desolate as though in mid-ocean; but now settlement have been made in several places, to which shipwrecked mariners may steer, and thus avoid the unfriendly natives of that forbidding coast.

Cruel coral reefs of the Pacific could doubtless account for many a missing ship. The French discoverer, La Perouse, in the Astrolabe, sailed away from home for a voyage among the islands of the Pacific, and never returned.

Long after, Captain Dillon, an officer of the British mercantile marine, was fortunate enough to obtain precise information as to the position of the sunken ships of La Perouse. He brought back the relics to Paris, and obtained a substantial reward.

Collisions are not so frequent as might be assumed from the magnitude of the world's ocean traffic. Iron ships fare badly in collision unless divided into water-tight compartments. A sailing-ship, the Loch Earn, collided with the steamer Ville du Havre, a few years ago, when more than two hundred and twenty-five people were drowned. Fortunately, the water-tight divisions of the sailing-ship held for some time, otherwise, crew and passengers of both vessels must inevitably have perished, as the steamer foundered in a few minutes, and the Loch Earn immediately her partitions were penetrated by the sea.

Similarly, in the collision between the Kapunda and the Ada Melmore; the former sank with many female passengers looked into their berths below; but the water-tight compartments of the latter kept her afloat for a few hours, else not a soul would have escaped to tell the sad story, and both ships added to the long list of missing.

Some years ago the bark Exmouth, with her crew of eleven men and two hundred and forty passengers, had a narrow escape from being classed as missing. She struck on the west coast of Islay, and went to pieces in a minute. Three men who had rushed aloft for safety were buried with her topmast into a rocky chasm, and rescued next morning.

ABOUT THE GUILLOTINE.—There is only one guillotine in France, all others having long since been destroyed. The one of Paris alone remains, but it travels all over the country. In the course of its peregrinations the instrument is governed by local customs, and according to their nature are executions painful or painless. In some departments the condemned is slowly taken to the place of execution through the streets, and toilet details depend on local precedents. Not very long ago a prisoner was taken to early mass, and meanwhile the instrument of death awaited him by the church door. In Paris only about fifteen minutes intervene from the waking of the prisoner to the fall of his head in the basket; but in the country the hungry knife is sometimes allowed to wait for its victim for hours. The condemned is entirely in the keeping of the gaoler, who is responsible for the man's life—that is to say, it is his duty to deliver to the guillotine a living being. But, as things are, the prisoner is often needlessly tormented by the timidity of the keeper who, knowing to what penalties he would be subject, is often over-anxious to guard against any suicide.

ONE of the most beautiful tributes to Tennyson is that paid by Archdeacon Farrar, in which he says that a thousand things which we should never have noticed, in which we should never have read God's autographs of beauty and blessing, Tennyson has now taught us to 'observe with delight and love—the black ash buds in spring; the rosy plumelets which tuft the larch; the pure green streaks on the white leaves of the snowdrop; the gummy chestnut buds which glisten in the April blue; the sea wind singing shrill, chill with flakes of foam; the liquid azure bloom of the sea; the Pleiades glittering like fireflies in a silver braid; the little pink, five-headed baby soles; the light feet which treading on the daisies make the meadows rosy; the dragon fly's sapphire head of living light; the river sloping to plunge in cataract, shattering on black rocks its breath of thunder.

NOT PROTECTED.—It has been decided in the Berlin courts that a lover may cut off his sweetheart's tresses and yet escape with a light sentence, even if it be proved that the act was inspired by malice and with a view of spoiling the young lady's outward appearance. This decision has been arrived at in the case of a girl who sued her ex-lover for "conspiracy," alleging that he robbed her of her blonde locks with the object of injuring her personal attractiveness to such a degree that she would be glad to accept his offer of marriage. The case, it appears, has been before several courts, and finally reached the supreme court of the Prussian realm, which decreed that Edwin might cut off Angelina's hair, but could only be punished for assault and sentence to a month's imprisonment.

SOME PEOPLE SAY.

BY C. T.

That friendship's but a fable,
That human hearts are cold,
And that the look of Love is turned
But by a key of gold.
That all this struggling human race
Is born to sin and sorrow;
That light of heart to-day but means
A heavy heart to-morrow.

That all is grim vexation
And vanity below;
That life's a game of hazard,
Our years a span of woe.

But this is how I've found it:
I have more friends than foes;
More sun than shadow tints my path,
I have more joys than woes.
If clouds obscure my path to-day,
I know the sun will follow.
So smilingly I wait to catch
The glory of the morrow.

The world is as we view it,
Our days are gold or gray,
And life is what we make it,
Whatever people say!

Parson Joel.

BY S. U. W.

THE Californian gold fever was at its height when the crowd of fortune-seekers, excited by the prospect of immediate gain, rushed to the banks of the Bangalong.

We—that is, Jack Pettit and I—had followed the gold away up the river for long weary miles, sometimes in company, often alone, occasionally finding dust, but more frequently digging from sunrise until sunset without seeing a speck. In common with thousands of adventurers, who were in a similar plight, we were ever mocked by the fickle jade Fortune.

The most incomprehensible thing about it all was that there seemed to be some party for ever in the advance of us; for, although the banks of the river were undisturbed, the water came down from the hills laden with mud, which was easily recognizable by a miner's eye.

It was only after a long, tedious tramp, with heavy hearts and ever-lightening pockets, that we came upon the advance party. They welcomed us with what grace they could, which was not much; but our arrival mattered little, for others quickly came along our trail, now in companies and again singly, until there were fully fifty gold-seekers of almost as many nationalities upon the ground. All of these remained, not one went further. There was no need, for the bed of the gold had been discovered. Within the space of a square mile or so, thereabout, lay enough of the precious metal to have enriched a thousand miners beyond the dreams of avarice.

The camp was pitched on the bank of the river, which, under the scorching rays of the summer sun, had dwindled down to a mere freshet.

There was none too much water obtainable for the requirements of gold-washing; it was rapidly becoming too precious a commodity to be recklessly employed as a beverage—a result which gladdened the heart of Bert Togue, the bar-keeper, who, with the keenness of a vulture for scenting out carcasses, had followed promptly upon the heels of the thirsty miners and adventurers.

The scenery was impressive and awe-inspiring. Bleak, barren, yet priceless quartz-reefs rose in long undulating waves of stone, like a petrified ocean, on every side. Beyond these lay the bush and scrub, interspersed here and there with clumps of pine, while farther away still, a long range of low, naked hills stretched along the sky-line until they were lost in mist.

Those hills enjoyed an evil reputation as resorts for bands of redskins, who had cut off more than one prospecting party, and of prairie pirates and road agents, who were even more merciless than they. In one thing both were cordially agreed; their hands were against the miners, and equally the miners scored against them on every possible opportunity.

These fellows served one useful purpose, for the fear and dread of them caused us to keep together; as to have fallen into their hands would have been certain death.

One evening, when the cradles were busily rocking and the dippers flashing, a stranger rode into the camp. His jaded nag was nearly travel-spent, its tongue lolled limply out of its mouth, the great ears flopped loosely over the bleared, blood-shot eyes, and its withers were badly wrung.

Nor was the appearance of the rider more attractive. He was an undersized, thin, red-haired man; and, as he sat there upon his sorry steed, almost spent with fatigue and hunger, he looked the most unprepossessing of mortals.

The arrival of a stranger was too common an event to attract attention in a camp where the collection of glittering wealth was the one serious business of life. Therefore no one spoke to or even noticed the new-comer, who, after looking slowly around as if to take in all the bearings, rode up to Togue's bar.

Having climbed down and hitched up his nag, the stranger entered the large shanty in search of that provision for man and beast which it was the bar-keeper's proud privilege to dispense and that of his customers to pay for.

Later in the evening, when digging was ended, and the everlasting damper had been disposed of, the boys assembled beneath Togue's hospitable roof-tree for the accustomed drink and fun. The red-haired arrival was present, keeping unobtrusively in the background.

He had no kit with him, nor anything to indicate that he was a prospector, although his travel-stained appearance, and the freedom with which he spent his cash, showed that he was familiar with the customs of mining life.

In one of the lulls of conversation he spoke. His voice sounded soft and low like a woman's, but its sweet and perfectly modulated tones penetrated through the long bar.

It was long since any of us had listened to such a silver strain. Words pure as the notes of English song-birds, and unsullied by ribaldry or blasphemy, were all too scarce and strange on the Bangalong, or anywhere else in California.

"Who d'ye s'pose he is, mate?"

"Don't know. One o' them 'Frisco chaps, maybe. P'r'aps a sneak a-spying out the nakedness o' the land."

The speaker laughed at his own sally of wit.

Speculation was cut short almost at once. The little red-haired man, turning to us, said, civilly enough, and with a slight tremor in his voice:

"Boys, I am a missionary, and have been sent here that I may look after the interests of those who have left fathers and mothers behind in the old Eastern States."

The speech was greeted with derisive laughter.

"A parson!"

Taking no notice of the interruption, except that his cheek reddened a little, he continued:

"You will find me a friend. By permission of the keeper of this saloon, there will be preaching here next Sunday afternoon; and I mean to practice that which I preach."

A hum of excited voices now drowned the speaker's words. When it ceased he had gone.

Judging from the conversation which followed, it seemed probable that the parson, if he should attempt to carry out his intention, would encounter a lively opposition; the camp not being an assembly of saints, not even latter-day ones.

But something occurred that night which entirely altered the situation.

A sharp word spoken by Togue's son to a rough Yankee led to a rapid unmuzzling of "bull dogs," with the result that the bar-keeper's son, who was a general favorite, was shot through the shoulder.

Camp opinion ran high against the perpetrator, who was even threatened with lynching.

When the tumult was at its highest, the parson came back, and quickly made himself master of the condition of affairs.

"Hold, unhallowed men," he exclaimed, in those low, earnest tones of his, "would you add sin to sin? Let this man go, and your forgiveness shall be his greatest punishment."

"Stand aside, mister; this ain't no time for preaching—we air on business here."

"I will not. Who among you has a right to take away a life which he cannot restore?"

A voice in the rear of the crowd rejoined:

"I guess, stranger, we hev. And we air going to."

A rough-looking man, who was, to all appearance, a leader in this roughly-constituted court of justice, now interposed. He said:

"You mean well, stranger, no doubt; but you air out of place here. Take my advice, and make yourself scarce; for you can't do good, and you may do harm. Jake here has got to die; we says it. 'Tisn't the first time he has been too handy with his shooting-iron; but it's got to be the last. Eh! boys?"

"But I tell you, men, you will commit——"

"Go, parson, and don't meddle with what doesn't concern you. What are we Vigilants for?"

"I have a duty, men, to perform, as well as you, and will not be deterred from doing it. You say you will slay this man. Then hear me: you will only kill him over my body."

The miners liked grit, wherever found; and a low murmur of applause greeted this speech, which was to them far more impressive than any mere plea for mercy could have been.

The rough fellows talked to one another, the culprit's guards, perhaps intentionally relaxed their vigilance, and in the confusion the Yankee disappeared, giving his comrades and would-be executioners time to let their anger cool.

Young Togue did not die.

The parson, who gave his name as Joel Baldwin, constituted himself the sufferer's nurse, attending to his every want, dressing his wound, and feeding him like a child through the long days and nights, more tenderly, the grateful old saloon-keeper said than any woman could have done.

This act of devotion touched the heart of the camp, which lay deep but was not dead. When Sunday afternoon came round the congregation was a crowded one.

At the very outset of the proceedings the preacher made an important demand upon the goodwill and forbearance of his audience.

He commenced by pointing out the danger which attended the mischievous practice of carrying shooting-irons, enforcing his argument by reference to the critical condition of young Togue. He then, further, urged the inappropriateness of these destructive weapons being brought into the house of the Prince of Peace, stated his personal dread of such, and concluded an earnest appeal by insisting that all who might attend his ministrations should deliver up their weapons to the saloon-keeper on entering.

The gaunt miners looked foolishly sheepish, laughed, demurred, and then, when they saw that the man meant what he said, handed over the irons into the custody of Bert Togue.

Togue took charge of all these, placing them in the box which served as a pulpit, so that the parson trod the carnal weapons under his feet.

Several weeks passed, and the influence of Parson Joel, as he was familiarly called, began to effect a marked improvement in the camp. Duels became less frequent, irregularities less pronounced; the weakest found that they had some chance in the battle for wealth and life.

The Sunday afternoon preaching became an extraordinary success; not a man among us would have missed it upon any consideration, the parson had such a winning way with him. Togue, junior, too, began to improve under the care of his self-constituted nurse.

The gold, which yielded heavily both in dust and nugget, was regularly deposited with a firm of brokers, whose fair dealings inspired their clients with confidence. Once in every month an armed escort came over from 'Frisco, and conveyed the accumulated precious metal to the bank.

Parson Joel had been with us three months, finding plenty of work both in instructing and nursing his rough flock, more than one member of which it had been his melancholy duty to consign to the auriferous dust.

During this time he had increasingly endeared himself to all, so that more than one nuggets had been pressed upon him for acceptance by rough fellows who could conceive of no other means of showing their gratitude. These were invariably declined, with the remark that he had enough for his personal needs, and sought not theirs, but them.

All this increased Parson Joel's reputation for goodness; he became idolized of all.

About this time the pirates of the prairie became increasingly daring, and there were rumors that a band of them had allied with the road agents, forming a camp in the hills, under the leadership of a daring female named Bess, whom they had constituted their queen.

The rumor acquired force from the fact that a man who had recently joined us was found shot dead in the scrub.

This occurrence served to make us increasingly careful; but no one apprehended serious trouble such as an attack upon the camp, which by this time numbered one hundred souls all told, men whose hands could keep their heads.

The month was drawing to a close. The Saturday night saw the last bag of dust deposited; and the honest brokers retired, holding fully fifteen thousand pounds' worth of the miners' property, which would, all being well, be en route for 'Frisco on the following Monday.

On Sunday morning the honest, quiet-going miners remained reading or smoking in their shanties, or wandered aimlessly down the gully; while the rougher sort scattered among the various bars which had sprung up. When the hour for service struck, every one, except the brokers and young Togue, who, with the willing consent of Parson Joel, had gone for a stroll, were in their places.

Togue, although vastly improved, was still weak, and needed, so the parson said, all the fresh air he could get. There was no lack of it in the vicinity of the camp.

In accordance with Parson Joel's custom, all the firearms were collected, and deposited in the depths of the extemporized pulpit before the service began, so that during worship he mounted guard over them.

The opening hymn being concluded, the parson led in prayer.

At the moment when the attention of all was absorbed in this exercise, a shot was fired outside, and the sounds of a scuffle, followed by a wild cry for help, was heard proceeding from the direction of the gold office.

The miners, like a famished lion aroused from its lair, sprang to their feet, only to find themselves face to face with two tall masked men who had quietly and unobservedly entered the building. These, presenting their revolvers, thundered:

"Hands up! The first of you who moves is a dead man."

The situation became clear. The camp was attacked, and those who should have been its defenders had been rendered defenceless by their own action.

One possible chance of escape remained open. There was the door behind the preacher, who had remained a quiet, unmoved spectator of the proceedings. If this could be gained, the attack might even yet be beaten off, and the gold saved.

Those of us who were farthest removed from the robbers made a partial movement towards the door. But this was quickly checked, for, as we gathered ourselves for a rush, the meek and gentle attitude of Parson Joel underwent a complete and terrible change.

The man's slight form dilated, his usually mild eyes flashed fire, and his countenance became so altered as to be scarcely recognizable.

With a movement which was almost quicker than light, he whipped out a brace of Colt's revolvers from some secret pocket, and with the skill of a practiced marksman, he, who feared the very sight of a pistol, covered the congregation in front as completely as the two strangers had done in the rear.

We were checkmated completely.

The game so boldly played was won.

The helpless diggers, chafing under the indignity which was even less patiently to be borne than the threatened loss, sat down again, anticipating, only too well, the course which events would take.

Our chagrin was not lessened when Parson Joel, without the ghost of a smile upon his face, said:

"Friends, adversity comes, sooner or later, to us all, in order that we may learn how to practice as well as preach. You are all witnesses that I have frequently besought you not to put your trust in riches, which make themselves wings and fly away."

He had scarcely ceased speaking when a peculiar cry—the yelp of the coyote—was heard in the distance.

This was evidently the signal for which the marauders had been waiting, for Parson Joel bowed ironically, and, kicking open the door behind him, immediately disappeared. The other two similarly vanished.

The miners, like a troop of school-boys, or a gang of released convicts, tumbled pell-mell into the open; but they were too late.

The sound of rapidly retreating horse-hoofs intimated the flight of the robbers. There was no doubt of the direction which they had taken, for one of the fugitives was still full in view.

So far from urging his horse to its greatest pace, he seemed rather to check it; designing, perhaps, to aid the escape of the rest of the gang. In his flight he had the

hardihood to turn and wave his hand to the discomfited miners.

These saw at a glance the extent of the mischief. The gold store had been rifled. Its single defender lay dead in his own doorway, shot through the heart. The other broker had fled.

With a wild cry for vengeance we turned and snatched such weapons as were convenient, then, throwing ourselves upon our horses, dashed away in swift, relentless pursuit.

The fugitive evidently observed this, for, putting his steed to its fullest stretch of speed, he rode recklessly over every impediment; and his retreat appeared secured, for he distanced the foremost of us at every stride.

In another quarter of a mile he would have gained the shelter of the ranker scrub where pursuit would have been hopeless; but, before he could do so, a puff of smoke floated out over a distant reef, this was followed by the report of a rifle, which reached our ears as we saw the galloping horse stumble, throwing the rider heavily over its head.

A man—it was young Togue—came leisurely across the rocks, carrying a still smoking rifle in his hand. He was making directly for the scene of the catastrophe; but some of the riders reached the spot almost as quickly as he.

The aim had been true. The horse, a magnificent sorrel, lay dead in its tracks, ten yards behind its hapless rider, who was bruised out of all semblance to humanity. A coarse red wig had fallen from his head, and a rich wealth of blood-draggled, tangled golden hair trailed out over the stones.

Young Togue stopped, wiped his weapon, and coolly remarked:

"I thought something had gone wrong; that's why I fired. Sorry I wiped the fellow out though."

"By the jumping Jeehoshaphat, it's our Parson Joel; anyway it's all that's left of him," murmured some one.

Togue stepped forward, a light of recognition flashed into his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, tearing away the rough coat in his frenzied endeavor to discover whether the heart had ceased to beat. He had scarcely done this when he sprang to his feet, with consternation depicted upon his face, crying:

"Boys, by all the powers it is a woman!"

We were still standing, baffled and angry, around the corpse, when a band of horsemen dashed up at a hand-gallop. As the leader sprang from his horse, he half-pushed, half-dragged, a villainous-looking ruffian to the front.

"Here, you honest fellows," he called out in tones of command, "do any of you know this rapparee scoundrel? We caught him galooting around three miles below, and as he couldn't give a good account of himself, took the liberty of bringing him along with us."

A dozen men sprang forward to look into the captive's face, as he glared defiantly, daring them to do their worst, and he read death in their eyes.

Then the fellow's gaze fell upon the body of Parson Joel. In a moment the strong man was bowed with anguish, his fortitude forsook him, he fell upon his knees, gently raised the battered head in his grimy hands, and, passionately kissing the pallid brow, wailed:

"Oh! Boss, Boss! Good Heaven!"

Then we all knew that Joel Baldwin, parson, sick-nurse, trusted friend, and gold robber, was none other than Boss, the notorious queen of the pirates of the prairie and the villainous road agents, who had for so long been the scourge of California. For one brief moment afterwards we felt sad at heart.

My Aunt's Opal.

BY A. S. G.

ONE murky morning in November I was called into the manager's room of the Metropolis Bank, to find my Aunt Joan seated in front of the great box she was so fond of overhauling, with a number of jewel cases spread out before her.

"Mrs. Letherby wishes you to take her jewels to Birmingham to be repaired by Messrs. Headcourt," said Mr. Weymouth. "You had better change places with Madden to-night, and go down to Brading and Ashley's with the bullion."

"And take every precaution, Charles," said my aunt, looking severely over her spectacles. "Mr. Weymouth has been explaining to me what is to be done about the gold."

"Yes, sir; yes, aunt," said I, flushing with pleasure.

Here was a delightful break in the monotony of my existence! The tax on worn sovereigns is, as everyone knows, a nuisance to bankers, and our astute manager avoided sending his to the Bank of England by forwarding a large amount monthly to Birmingham, where the firm of Brading and Ashley used it over the counter.

Ten thousand pounds was generally the sum taken, and the junior clerks competed for the task, as it give them a run in the mail, a holiday, and the receipt of a guinea besides the hotel expenses.

At midnight I was safely ensconced in the corner of a first-class carriage; the porters had lifted the heavy box containing the gold, and the valise with my aunt's jewels. The chief of these was a handsome diamond necklace, with an enormous pendant, containing a very flawless opal, with the red flame at its heart which gives these gems their uncanny appearance. Aunt Joan said this ornament was "priceless," a figure of speech which meant that a jeweler had told her he could not get a necklace like it under ten thousand pounds.

I pulled my traveling cap about my ears, tipped the guard, who assured me as he locked the door that no one else should get in, plunged my hands into my pockets and dropped into a reverie. Of course I thought most of Caroline Lee, my aunt's companion, and the girl I loved with all my soul. I thought that perhaps this journey might be a step on the way to gain her. I would be so careful, so discreet, that the partners of the Birmingham bank should take special notice of me.

My reveries turned to fantastic dreams, and I knew no more of the outer world until Aunt Joan's fire opal seemed to leap at my eyes, and for one brief, sickening second I saw a man with uplifted hand, from which blood was streaming, and was conscious of a crashing blow on my head; and then came darkness, thick darkness, in which I sank and sank.

* * * * * *

"He must be asked no questions," said a deep voice beside me.

"Very well, sir, I will try to keep him as quiet as I can," replied a woman's tone. The footsteps died away, and the rustle of a starched apron told me my nurse had seated herself. I remained quite still, and my dulled brain began slowly to work. I had a fearful pain in my head, one eye was covered with a bandage, it hurt me to look at the long white wall of the hospital ward: and although I could lift the eyelid of my free eye now, I dimly recollect having tried vainly many times before to open it.

"What has happened to me?" I said at last, in a voice which I could not recognize for my own.

"You were injured in the train, and must stay here for some time," said my nurse, a sweet-looking woman, with a firm mouth and soft gray eyes. "I will tell you anything you wish by-and-by," she continued; "but try and rest now."

I obeyed her then, and for many weary weeks after. Slowly I gathered what facts there were to know. My aunt's jewels had been taken out of their cases, and carried off, with the exception of one bracelet, which was found (covered with blood) on the floor of the railway carriage. More than half of the gold was gone, and as £5,000 means over a hundredweight troy, the thief must have been a powerful man to burden himself thus.

They believed that he had been hidden under the seat of the carriage when I took my place, and that, owing to my sleep, he was able to emerge with safety. At Brandon the train slowed, and he must then have taken the opportunity to get off, as his tracks could be followed on the whitened earth of a shed where he had betaken himself to remove the traces of his crime.

An engine-cleaner found a sovereign beneath one of the locomotives in the morning, and some soiled clothes were left in a pail of red-stained water. Heavy footsteps could be followed a little way up the line, and down a bank, but in the field below all clue ended.

No jewels were heard of, the cases had been left in the carriage; and what with the darkness, and the time that elapsed in Birmingham before the horror-stricken officials communicated with the police, and settled what to do with that which they believed to be my dead body, the clever thief had plenty of time in which to efface himself.

I recovered at length. My aunt was so angry with me and the bank, that in spite of what I had suffered, she forebade me her house; and finding from Caroline Lee's distress the secret of our love, sternly ordered her to give up all idea of marriage with such a "blunderer" as she called me. The directors of the "Metropolis" were kinder; they gave me sick leave for four months, and then took me on again in my old post. Needless to say, I worked with a will, as soon as my health permitted; and that the hope of recovering my aunt's jewels was never absent from my mind.

Five years went by. Caroline was still unmarried; my aunt's veto remained in force, and my life was a dreary one, though occasionally brightened by a glimpse of my darling in the Park when she took the pugs for an airing, and in Bond Street when she had to do my aunt's shopping.

I had risen in the bank, and was now head clerk in the branch whence I had been sent that November night to Birmingham. We were very busy; important affairs were on hand, amongst them the amalgamation of the bank of Brading & Ashley with the "Metropolis," and the greater part of the arrangements fell on Mr. Weymouth, manager in the City. As he could not leave town at this juncture I was commissioned to take down some important papers, and have an interview with the partners of the country firm.

I found them very busy at the bank, preparing for the move into their grand new premises, the building of which was in part the reason for the proposed partnership, the expense of construction having been so much greater than was anticipated.

"We are looking over the 'dormant account' boxes," said Mr. Brading, the senior partner in the old firm, as I entered. "I must ask you to wait a few moments while I finish this batch."

"What is this?" inquired Mr. Brading, as a box on which "John Hasluck" was printed was placed on the table.

"It belongs to an account which was opened about five years ago," replied the clerk, referring to a list in his hand. "Nothing has been added to it since, and no check ever drawn. There is a deposit account of over five thousand pounds and this box, which is stated to contain valuables; we have made every effort to discover the customer without success."

"Take it back again," said Mr. Brading. The clerk raised the box, which seemed heavy, and he caught the corner of it against the pile heaped on the floor. It fell with a crash, rolled over, and, when picked up, it was found that the jar had caused its ill-made lock to open.

"Better see if there is any clue to the owner inside," said Mr. Brading, stooping over and taking out a brown-paper parcel which he unfolded.

My instinct of curiosity impelled me to look also.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, starting back: "Aunt Joan's fire opal!"

I determined to be my own detective now, and to hunt up the man who had so wronged us.

Aided by introductions from Scotland Yard to governors of prisons, and by access to all manner of police documents, six weary months of patient search resulted in the discovery that the "John Hasluck" who had opened the account at Brading and Ashley's within five days of the robbery was none other than the notorious Jonas Hayden, who died in jail in Birmingham, having been brought thither, severely injured during a fight with the police, who caught him in the midst of a daring attempt to rob a house in a village twenty miles out of the town.

A warder in the prison deposed to having given up a small pocket-book bequeathed to him by the dying man, which he said was "worth a fortune." No one could decipher the entries in it, and it had lain untouched amongst other relics of prisoners at the jail, till the after light I brought rendered it contents clear.

"John has luck! 5,000 g. J's. v. n. d. B. A. B. B.," soon read as "John Hasluck. £5,000 gold. Jewels, value unknown, deposited at Brading and Ashley's Bank, Birmingham," and this enabled us to read the other entries. We discovered that under the same alias he had stored large sums of money and many valuables in various banks in England and Scotland. No doubt he intended to gather his plunder, and settle down to a respectable life, but the "one try too many" had ruined all.

Aunt Joan was appeased at the sight of her diamonds, the bank gave me a handsome douceur, and Caroline and I need no longer trust to chance meetings in the Park, as we look at each other daily across our dinner-table without let or hindrance, and are as happy as mortals can be on this puzzle of a planet.

But I must confess that I have never been able to overcome my dislike to traveling at night.

Scientific and Useful.

THE STOVE.—A teaspoonful of pulverized alum mixed with stove polish will give the stove a fine lustre, which will be quite permanent.

TO WHITEN IVORY.—Discolored ivory may be whitened by rubbing it with a paste composed of burnt pumice stone and water, and then place it under a glass in the sun.

SCREWDRIVERS.—An attachment for screwdrivers by which a screw may be held tight to the end of the driver until firmly fixed in the wood is among the latest inventions.

INDIGO.—An electrical process for making indigo consists of oxidizing the yellow liquid formed from the dried plants steeped in water by passing an electric current through it from copper electrodes. The indigo thus formed is said to be purer and finer than that produced in the usual way.

FAT.—Fat people, it is said by a medical authority, are less able to resist the attacks of disease or the shock of injuries and operations than the moderately thin. Their respiratory muscles cannot so easily act; their heart is often handicapped by the deposit on it, and the least exertion throws them into a perspiration. A very fat person is in the position of a man carrying a heavy burden and too warmly clothed.

ALLOYS OF SILVER.—A new alloy of silver with cadmium and zinc has been introduced in practice in silver-plating in England. This alloy, although more costly than the ordinary alloy of silver with copper, is said to work well and to show greater resistance to abrasion and to be less readily tarnished. It is, however, cheaper than pure silver, which has hitherto been alone employed for electro-plating purposes.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The Duke de Morny, like many other persons, has made himself an amateur photographer, and acquired a remarkable dexterity. He has even succeeded in sensitizing the commonest paper and in directly obtaining a portrait upon any sort of written or printed document. From research to research, he has improved photographic process to such a point that he is able to obtain two portraits for the sum of one cent.

Farm and Garden.

WOOD ASHES.—Wood ashes besides setting free the ammonia of the droppings bleaches the shanks of the fowls and should not be emptied in the poultry house.

GAS TAR FOR WAGON WHEELS.—A farmer who has tried it speaks in the highest praise of gas tar for painting wagon wheels, stating that it tightens tires and spokes better than anything that can be tried.

RATS AND MICE.—Rats and mice will go into a trap much more readily if a piece of looking glass is put in any part of the trap where they can see themselves. They are social little creatures, and where they can see any of their tribe, there they will go.

THE COWS.—If properly taken care of cows are not liable to contract any disease, but when infested with lice a strong decoction of tobacco is an effective remedy, or a mixture of equal parts of sweet oil and kerosene rubbed thoroughly upon the surface of the skin.

TO PREVENT RUST.—A composition that will effectually prevent iron, steel, etc., from rusting. Mix with fat oil varnish four-fifths of well rectified spirits of turpentine. Apply this varnish with a sponge, and the articles will retain their metallic brilliancy, and not be liable to rust.

A CHEAP RAIN GAUGE.—To make a rain gauge for farmers' use, just as good as if it cost three dollars, take a quart fruit can free from dents, hold the top in the fire until the solder is melted, then knock it off; place the can on a post, with brackets nailed around to keep it in place. Make a rule six inches long, divided into tenths of inches—one made out of a strip of slate is best. Measure the rain every morning after falling. An inch of rain is a good rainfall, if it comes gently. This in weight will be 226,875 pounds, or 113 tons 875 pounds to an acre.

SOOTHE OR LAVER a neglected Cold will develop a constant cough, shortness of breath, failing strength, and wasting of flesh, all symptomatic of some serious Lung affection, which may be avoided or palliated by using in time Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Artificial People.

There is something very charming in being natural; and yet very few people are thoroughly so. A "natural" actor always pleases, because he has the great art to conceal his art; a natural author, who says his good things quietly and without aiming at effect, will always please. It is so all the world over. It is so with painters, singers, and dancers. So also is it with every grade of society, in public or private.

What a number of pretty, dear, good, soft, gentle faces, human and sweet, are soured, made harsh, hard, and inhuman, by hollow affectation! How many a friend and fine companion becomes perked up through it! How few men dare to be natural! and if few men, how much fewer of the other sex! Who wears his own true look? Do not the faces of the dead strike us as peaceful, and altered by the change? Moreover, if it disfigure the face, does it not also cramp our bearing, and disguise or kill the mind? And the mind is the thing. Men have the privilege of being what is called ugly; but if our minds are disfigured by affectation, and overgrown by conceit, why we had best not be at all.

What, after all, is this common vice? What do you call affectation, sir, madam, or miss? There are few people free from it; few of us dare to be natural, and act in the simple truthful way, which when seen, is so pleasing and cheering.

Affectation in manner is very much like fibbing, flattering, and telling white lies in one's speech. It is assumed sometimes almost unconsciously for the sake of pleasing, there is little doubt of that; and he or she who is affected may call it an amiable weakness, and excuse it in ten thousand ways; but it is a sad vice after all, for it serves untruth.

Let us however concede of this assumed varnish, so often found in modern society, that while it has something of the nature of hypocrisy in being the sincerest homage which vice can pay to virtue, it is not yet hypocrisy, nor does it spring so much from bad principle as from bad taste.

Men as well as women, the wise no less than the foolish, are subject to this parasitic pride, for a pride we suppose it is, based greatly upon a love of approbation, and a certain shamefacedness and false modesty. For, as we read the word now, we think that it does imply a false modesty, and a certain want of manliness, self-respect, and self-appreciation, to be affected.

In believing that affectation oftener springs from timidity than from pride or haughtiness, we find we differ from a great authority, no less a one than Sydney Smith, who in a review of public schools, of which he was a strong advocate, says:

"All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms, because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which everybody possesses."

Here the wit, who knew human nature pretty well, is surely out of his reckoning. Affectation leads up to pride, but it is hardly ever display, and certainly not pride. It is plainly the assumption of something unnatural for that which is natural; of a tone, a look, a manner, which is not your own for that which is; of a knowledge or a power which you have not, not of that which you have.

Ridicule is, after all, the best cure for this vice, which, as people grow wiser, of course, decreases. Yet, it is not a folly, or weakness—let us call it a vicious weakness—confined only to the young. Experience, which is said to make fools wise, fails with certain classes of people, and amongst them are the affected of either sex. When it once attaches itself, it will, like the mistletoe, grow and flourish.

The painter will take it with him into his studio, and it shall stand between him and Nature for many years, nay all his lifetime; and he shall be printing mere lay figures and pretty faces, without ever having given to the world one noble thought, or solaced the human heart with one beautiful expression. Between earnestness in the preacher, and nature in the painter stands affectation, the very death to all truth, earnestness, and goodness.

So again with the writer. He may have a fluent trick of jotting down his nothings, of photographing character, or the streets or shops; nay, he may be great in divinity, learned, skilful in dialectics; or he may appear to be a profound philosopher, and yet affectation will spoil all.

With the unknowing, affectation may go a great way; but the knowing it can only disgust. Long words, strangeness of style, and a grand rumbling of sentences, are often mistaken for depth, whereas they are simply the muddiness of a shallow puddle rather than the clearness of the well; and as the purest water is the most clear, bright, and limpid, so the noblest characters are the openest and freest, from disguise, pretence, or affectation.

But how few of us are there without a little of this weakness! We know a lady who always changes her voice when she starts any proposition, partly because she does not believe in it. How many of our voices, smiles, movements, sentences, and sentiments, are free from this blot?

Well, let us hope, a great many. Some people say not; if so, the more affected people there are, the more there are to be pitied. Poor creatures! God has given them one voice and one face, and they give themselves others. Let them throw those others away speedily, and take to what is natural, and they will be improved a thousandfold—for art may err, but nature cannot miss.

NEVER tell anybody an unadaptable truth when it can answer no good purpose. This sort of unnecessary candor is sometimes prompted by malice, sometimes by mere looseness of tongue, like that which Iago imputes to Cassio when asleep. Friendship is frequently made an excuse for unpunishable impertinence by people who pride themselves on speaking their minds freely.

WHEN any person of really eminent virtue becomes the object of envy, the clamor and abuse by which he is assailed is but the sign and accompaniment of his success in doing service to the public. And if he is a truly wise man, he will take no more notice of it than the moon does of the howling of the dogs. His only answer to them is to shine on.

IF we are asked what is the one thing which, more than any, is the basis of true self-respect, our answer would be, work. We do not see how any idle person can respect himself. An idle person may be proud, he may be vain, he may be arrogant, but as self-respect is the parent of all manly enterprise, so is idleness the parent of all vice.

IT is only that God does not let one sparrow fall to the ground without Him, but not one good thought, feeling, purpose, deed. Our smiles, our tears, our prayers, our hopes, our efforts are all numbered, as well as the hairs of our heads. The grass for to-morrow's oven is not alone clothed, but every righteous intent.

A GREAT deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort.

DUTY is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is coextensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where will, and only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

ONLY by the supernatural is a man strong, only by confiding in the divinity which stirs within us. Nothing is so weak as an egotist, nothing is mightier than we, when we are vehicles of a truth before which the State and the individual are alike ephemeral.

EVERYBODY has more or less cause to be unhappy. Happy is the man who is too busy to be miserable.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

E. CRISPIN.—Anent means about, concerning; also, over, against, opposite to. The word is Scotch.

WANTS TO KNOW.—Bullion is properly uncoined gold and silver in the mass; but the word is sometimes also used to denote gold and silver coin.

JOEY.—The fact of the leading partner being a lady does not in any way render the use of "Messrs." inappropriate in addressing the firm. That is customary under all circumstances.

HOTSPUR.—The French were in exclusive possession of machine guns in their war with the Germans; but their mitrailleuse proved much less formidable in action than had been anticipated.

RODERICK.—The thirty years' war in Germany, which began in 1618 and ended in 1648, left the country cut up into a number of petty States, whose rulers were monarchs in fact, if not in name.

CATHOLIC.—The Greek Catholic and Syrian Catholic Churches acknowledge the Pope, though they are said in some particulars to approach more nearly to the Greek than the Roman Church.

DIANA.—The planet nearest to the sun is Mercury, and after it come in order Venus, the earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Mercury, Venus, and Mars are smaller than the earth; all the others are much larger.

DONALD.—There is precisely the same amount of similarity in Daniel and Donald that there is between Moses and Malcom—that is to say, there is no similarity or connection whatever. The one is a purely Hebrew name, the other a distinctly Gaelic one.

R. T. B.—The Galaxy or Milky Way is, according to Herschel, "that great luminous band which stretches every evening all across the sky, from horizon to horizon, and which forms a zone completely encircling the whole sphere, almost in a great circle."

POOR PUSSY.—It has never been satisfactorily understood why the cats in the Isle of Man have no tails. A celebrated naturalist suggested that in the first instance the tailless breed was produced by disease, and that heredity accounts for its continuance.

IGNORAMUS.—Cosmogony is the science which treats of the origin of the universe. Cosmography is the science which treats of the construction, figure, and arrangement of all parts of the world; and therefore comprehends astronomy, geography, and geology.

ANXIOUS.—Age has nothing to do with the question of a will. If a person is a hundred years old, and in full possession of the necessary faculties for understanding what he or she is about, the will will be as binding as one made by anyone in the prime of life.

S. S. W.—The word Baal really means lord or master. As a deity, Baal is represented with a handsome and powerful human face, surmounted by the horns, ears, and frontal tuft of an ox. Three stars are added, one between the horns, and one on each side of the head.

BERTHA.—Skeleton leaves are produced by soaking leaves in a dilute solution of bleaching powder, or, as it is erroneously termed "chloride of lime," or some other substance, of which there are many, likely to destroy rapidly the soft and leave unhurt the hard parts of the leaf.

OLD READER.—We have not the space to go into such an explanation as you desire. In the Crimean War the independence of the Turkish Empire was in jeopardy—being threatened by Russia—and the war was undertaken by France and England to prevent what would have been a serious catastrophe for the rest of Europe.

CLEOPATRA.—The trial of nuts consists in placing three nuts in the fire, two being named after the girl and her lover, while the third is unchristened. If his nut cracks and jumps, he will prove unfaithful; if it blazes and burns, he is true and loyal to her. If both of the named nuts burn together, then it is proof positive that the two will marry in good time.

C. S. T.—Stains in marble caused by oil may be removed by applying common clay saturated with benzine. If the grease has remained long enough it will have become acidulated, and may injure the polish, but the above mixture will remove the stain. The surface of the marble may be improved by rubbing or polishing afterwards with fine putty powder and olive oil.

INQUISITIVE.—When the tobacco plant is ripe the leaves are gathered and hung up to dry in such a way that they cannot touch each other. When dry they are packed in huge rolls in barrels or cases. The leaves are sprinkled with an infusion of tobacco made from stalks and waste parts and left to heat and ferment. While still damp the leaves are either laid upon each other and pressed into cavendish or negrohead, or spun into twist.

IDLE.—The use of ambergris in Europe is now entirely confined to perfumery. It was once regarded as useful in typhoid fevers and various nervous diseases. The word is pronounced as if spelled am-ber-greece, the accent on the first syllable. Perfumes were in general use among the ancients. Aromatic drugs, such as storax, frankincense, benzoin, cloves, etc., enter into the composition of a perfume; and many perfumes are composed of aromatic herbs or leaves, as lavender, marjoram, sage, thyme, etc.

JUSTICE.

BY P. S.

Justice in mercy is Heaven's theme:
  Mercy is Justice magnified;
There where true justice loes most beam
  True mercy is the least denied.

Justice is Justice the world o'er,
  But God's love finds a way to make
Justice bow down in truth before
  Mercy, and that for Mercy's sake.

The persevering love of right,
  Such Justice is, where throned above;
And it is Heaven's supreme delight
  To see Right triumphing through Love.

The Loan Of A House.

BY S. U. W.

IT seemed to Winnie Lennard as if she had barely closed her weary eyes in sleep, when the sound of footsteps in the adjoining room warned her that it was morning, and she must rise and dress quickly to give her cousin John Lennard some breakfast before he started on a voyage to Australia.

The firm in which he had embarked his little all had failed suddenly and unexpectedly, but not through any fault of his.

Indeed, his integrity and energy were so fully recognized that he had been offered by one of the largest wholesale houses in the City the management of a branch they had established in Melbourne.

But it would have been madness to burden himself with a delicate, helpless wife and three tiny children, so that it was arranged for them to remain in this country till he had made a home from them across the sea.

"What we should have done if you had not come so generously to our help I cannot imagine," he observed, as he tried to swallow the toast and coffee Winnie pressed upon him. "Poor Mary has not held her head up since the failure was announced, and her nerves are so weak that in her best days the worry of the children is too much for her."

"She will feel better when I get her out of London," said Winnie, cheerfully; "I do not mean to let her mope, I can assure you."

"Ah!" sighed the anxious husband, "if you could imbue her with a little of your hopeful spirit it would be a blessing. I am afraid you will find it a struggle to make the small sum, which is all I can leave you, hold out till I can send a remittance."

"I do not think I shall be able to eke it out if we stay here, or if we go into the seaside lodgings your wife suggests," answered Winnie, frankly; "but I'll do my best. How about the house in the country your friend, Mr. Hill, offers to lend you? It is in Sussex, and in excellent repair, though he only uses it himself for a few weeks in the shooting season."

"Mary will declare we are burying her alive," said Mr. Lennard; "but if you can induce her to accept this offer——"

He had not time to say more, for the cab was at the door that was to convey him and his trunks to the Docks; and at the same moment his wife appeared, aroused by the sound of wheels from the sleep in which he had left her.

With some difficulty he tore himself from her embraces, gave his children a last kiss, fervently recommended them all to Winnie, and was gone; and three days afterwards his creditors, from whom he refused to withhold anything, took possession of the house and its contents, and except by a few sincere friends, the Lennards were in a fair way to be forgotten.

Perhaps Winnie was not very sorry that Mrs. Lennard collapsed utterly and entirely after her husband's departure, and declared herself incapable of taking any part in the preparations for their removal.

That her grief was sincere no one could doubt, but it took such a selfish form, that the stronger minded girl, who had relinquished an excellent situation as governess in order to come to her aid, sometimes wondered at and sometimes despised her; and finally took advantage of her helplessness to decline the expensive apartments at Torquay to which Mrs. Lennard had proposed retiring, and sent a grateful acceptance to the owner of the shooting-box in Sussex.

Horrified at the sight of a couple of broker's men, who were making an inventory of her household gods, the weeping matron permitted herself to be hurried away, and was in the train before she really knew her destination.

"Was it absolutely necessary that we should travel third-class?" she demanded, as Winnie arranged her wraps and cushions in a comfortable corner. "I hope no one who knows us will see us! And must the children travel with us? Their noise will bring back my neuralgia. Cannot Elizabeth take them in another carriage?"

"Elizabeth is not going with us; she is only waiting to bid you good-bye. She is too expensive a servant to keep now."

Mrs. Lennard sank back horrified.

"Winifred! This is too much! Am I and my poor little ones to be deprived of every comfort? Am I in a fit state to wait upon them myself?"

Of this question Winifred took no notice. Had she not been continually entertained with tales of Elizabeth's idleness and impertinence ever since she joined her cousins? Besides, there were boxes to count, and the restless twin boys not only to lift into the carriage, but to bribe into good behavior with the contents of a small basket prepared for the purpose.

Then there was Docie, and Docie's pet dog to be reclaimed from Elizabeth, who at the last moment was manifesting great affection for the pretty child she had been wont to describe as the "tiresomest spoiled brat she had ever had to deal with."

The bell was ringing when Winnie, flushed and breathless with her exertions, held out her arms for the little girl, and was met by a blank look and an expression of dismay. Elizabeth had just encountered a military acquaintance, and in the pleasure of the meeting had quite forgotten her little charge, who was nowhere to be seen.

Of course, Mrs. Lennard fainted as soon as she discovered what had happened, and when Winnie, overwhelmed by this fresh disaster, had laid her down on the seat, and would have sprung from the carriage to search for the missing child, it was too late.

The train was in motion, the platform, on which stood Elizabeth, wringing her hands and declaiming to half a dozen pitying officials, gradually disappeared from views.

Docie was not to be seen, and Winnie spent the most miserable quart d'heure she had ever known, in meekly enduring the reproaches of the bereaved mother.

She also kept asking herself, what would John Lennard say to her if, after all her promises, she had lost the merry four-year-old prattler, who was her father's darling?

But at the first stopping-place, Docie herself was held up at the window by a gentleman, whose arms she was so reluctant to quit, that he had to get into the compartment with her to make his explanations.

It appeared that he wore an ulster so like John Lennard's, that the little girl, catching sight of him as he took his seat in a carriage at the other end of the train, had imagined she saw her father, and rushed in pursuit.

Supposing that she belonged to some ladies who had already taken their places, he had assisted the child to scramble in, and wiped away the tears that followed the discovery of her mistake, before the spinster sisters could protest that they knew nothing of her.

While Mrs. Lennard dilated to the courteous stranger on the agonies of alarm she had undergone, Winnie picked up the contents of the card-case with which he had allowed Docie to amuse herself.

In doing this she could not help learning his name and address: "Charles Granton, Esq., The Grange, Lensley."

Then he was an inhabitant of the secluded spot that was to be the temporary home of the Lennards.

Winnie was vexed, for she had no desire to make any acquaintances at Lensley, knowing how soon some busybody or other would disseminate the tidings of John's reverses.

But no such thoughts disturbed Mrs. Lennard. When did she ever hesitate to make use of any individual of the other sex who came in her way? Still young and pretty, with appealing blue eyes, and a plaintive voice, she evoked sympathy by murmured allusions to her fragile health, and no one dreamed of calling her selfish for so doing.

Mr. Granton allowed himself to be sent off at one stopping place, in search of an extra foot-warmer; at another to procure some tea, and the only kind of biscuit she was able to eat; while, to her more reserved cousin, was deputed the ungrateful task of amusing and keeping in good humor the three restless children.

Of this, however, she said nothing during the short drive to their destination. The house placed at their disposal was large and old-fashioned, standing midway between the village and the station, and sheltered from the north winds by the plantation of firs from which it took it took its name.

The season was early spring, and the weather cold and bleak; but the scent of violets was in the air, the formal flower-beds in front of the house gay with crocuses, gold, purple, and white, and the ruddy glow of great wood fires shone through all the windows.

The cook, who came to the door, followed by an awkward girl and a grimy lad, was a comfortable looking, elderly woman, who promptly fed the little ones, and coaxed them off to bed, even Docie going willingly enough when bribed with the promise of a song and a story.

"I think we shall be very comfortable here," Winnie said, approvingly.

"Comfortable, with that lout of a boy clumping about! and that awkward girl tumbling over her own feet! I shall be frightened for her to go near my poor babies."

"But Dorcas—is it not a nice, old-fashioned name?—is a host in herself, far above those incapable young women you had in London. Come upstairs, and let me show you how nicely she has arranged the room you are to have. She tells me the house is on rising ground, and there are lovely views from all the windows."

Mrs. Lennard went upstairs, but it was only to declare it was cruel to expect her to be happy anywhere, now John was so far away, and eventually cry herself to sleep; while Winnie went down again, to make a more thorough inspection of the lower part of the house.

"Have you lived in Lensley always?" was one of the first questions curiosity induced her to put to the brisk, smiling woman,

"Most always, miss; least wise, till I married a railway man, and then I went with him to Liverpool, and was away six years. After that poor Jim died, and I thought I should get on best among my own people."

"Then you know this house well?"

"And no one better," responded Dorcas, emphatically, "for I come here at fourteen, miss, to help in the kitchen; and old master—that's his picture, miss, between the two doors—old master made me cook, and I served him faithful till he died, and Mr. Hill bought the house and furniture just as it stood; and Farmer Loddon had just lost his wife, and was glad to have me to keep house till the eldest girl was old enough. I'd only left a week, or thereabouts, when Mr. Hill asked me to come back and 'tend to you."

Winnie took the lamp off the table to examine closely the portrait to which Dorcas had pointed.

It was a cleverly painted full-length of an elderly man in a velvet smoking-cap, and faded dressing-gown of some Oriental stuff, seated in a very high-backed, quaintly carved, armchair, and so evidently painted by a master hand, that Winnie was not surprised to hear that Mr. Hill set a high value upon it.

"Was the likeness good?" she asked.

"It was the very moral of him!" was the reply. "It's just how I've seen him sit scores a time in this very room, and that very same chair yonder, leaning forward, with his poor, thin hands folded on his stick."

"It is a cosy room," observed Winnie, castings approving glances at the long ranges of well-filled bookshelves and stands piled with portfolios of engravings and etchings. "I think I shall make this my haunt while I am here. One must have an hour to oneself occasionally."

A ring at the gate bell had called Dorcas away.

The pile of boxes and packages Mrs. Lennard had contrived to collect having overflowed the roof of the cab, the greater part had been left in charge of a porter till a cart could be found.

This cart was now at the door, and Dorcas went to superintend the carrying in of its contents, leaving Winnie examining a curious old Triptych that stood on one of the tables.

"I'll come back to you as soon as I can, miss. You'll not mind being left?"

Winnie laughed as she answered in the negative; yet, when Dorcas had gone, closing the door behind her, what a startling hush she seemed to leave in the dimly-lit apartment!

The lamp was either badly trimmed or deficient in oil, for it flickered and sank so low that she found herself in almost total darkness, and rose to grope her way back to the more cheerful little breakfast-parlor; but her ignorance of route induced her to wait the return of Dorcas; and, resettling herself in a comfortable position, she listened dreamily to the bumping and thumping of the heavy boxes in the room below, till, in her weariness she sank into a brief sleep.

Very brief it must have been, for when her eyes unclosed Dorcas was still absent, the lamp still spluttering. Yet the room seemed to be full of cold air, so cold that, with a shiver, she drew up to her throat the shawl hitherto thrown loosely about her shoulders.

Just then the lamp gave out a brighter gleam; so bright, that for a few seconds every object in the room became visible, and Winnie saw that in the high-backed chair Dorcas had pointed out—there sat the old man of the picture.

She could not have counted five before the flame expired altogether, and, in an access of unconquerable terror, she made for the door, and darted along a passage, at the other end of which—ah! Heaven be thanked for it!—she could see Dorcas coming leisurely with a light.

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The woman broke into exclamations of kindly concern as she saw the dilated eyes and white cheeks of the trembling girl.

"It's dead tired you be, miss. Let me help you undress, and as soon as you're tucked up in bed, I'll make ye a posset. There's nothing like a posset, to my thinking. You can see the rest of the house in the morning just as well as now. Old places like these seems terribly uncanny o' nights, don't 'em?"

Winnie was ashamed to take Dorcas into her confidence, and acknowledge that she had been frightened out of the book-room by what she now firmly believed to have been a mere illusion. That the defunct tenant of The Firs ever revisited his former abode was too absurd to be believed.

So Winnie told herself ere she fell asleep; and so, with many a smile at her own weakness, she repeated as she sprang out of bed on the morrow, and saw on her pale face the traces of the previous night's alarm.

As soon as she was dressed she found her way to the book-room. Dorcas was there before her, with feather-broom and duster. The sunshine was streaming through the windows, and but for the high-backed ebony chair at the side of the hearth, there would have been nothing to remind her of what she had seen, or dreamed she saw.

In the work of the day all unpleasant recollections were forgotten. Mrs. Lennard felt too fatigued to leave her bed, so the unpacking devolved on Winnie as well as the care of the children.

She had also to receive the elderly vicar, who called in the afternoon, bringing with him his two maiden sisters; limp, but well meaning spinsters, who, on learning why Mrs. Lennard did not appear, were overwhelmingly eager in their offers of valuable recipes, till their brother, with his deeper tones, drowned their feebler ones.

"I'm afraid you ladies will find this house rather dull. It lies so far from the village. I hope you are not nervous' Miss Lennard?"

"What have we to fear?" asked Winnie. "Burglars?"

Both the spinsters drew themselves up, as if the question were an offence.

"Their brother's flock was poor, but honest," they hastened to declare. "Burglaries were unheard of in Lensley."

"Then what else should make her uneasy?" queried Winnie, more eager for a reply than she would have avowed even to herself.

"I did not say you had any real cause for alarm, my dear young lady," the vicar answered. "I believe I simply inquired because this house is in rather a lonely situation, and if you listen to the tales of our poorer neighbors——"

"Then there are tales connected with it?" Winnie interposed, for he was so prolix, that she grew impatient.

"Well, they do say that the former owner of The Firs, a most eccentric old gentleman, who died just before I succeeded to the living, may still be seen wandering about the grounds; but you, with your intellectual superiority, will laugh to scorn such rumors."

"I don't think we ought to be too incredulous," observed Miss Marianna. "For you know there were witches in the Bible, and Mrs. Chollis, who washes our fine things, and is a most respectable widow with seven children, and one of them a cripple, assures me that, going home one night very late, and taking the short cut through the fir plantation, she met the old Squire his very self, and he passed so near that she could have touched the skirt of his dressing-gown. And, really, Mrs. Chollis is such a temperate

woman, and so incapable of a hatch-up, that there is no doubt she thought she saw him, even if she did not."

Precisely Winnie's own case, and a provoking story to have to listen to, because it revived the conviction she would fain stamp out, that she had been wide awake and in her right senses when she, too saw the figure of the defunct Squire.

"This won't do," she soliloquised, after her visitors left her. "I must not yield myself captive to such ridiculous fancies, and, to banish them, I will use that room constantly. To avoid it would be to own myself a coward, and that I will never be!"

Accordingly, when the children, tired with the day's romps, were in their little beds, and Mrs. Lennard had been read to sleep, Winnie carried her work and her writing-paper to the book-room, and, with a good fire and a well trimmed lamp, prepared to have a busy evening.

But she was not sorry that Dorcas lingered, for she dreaded the moment when she would be left to wrestle with the idea certain to assail her, that presently she should look up from her letters to see that figure seated in the chair opposite her own.

So when Dorcas had swept the hearth, pushed a stool under her feet, set on the table a vase of freshly picked snowdrops, and was preparing to depart, Winnie asked her to stay.

"Cannot you bring work here for an hour? I am not accustomed to living in such a quiet place, and have been listening to so many ghost stories to day, that I do not care to sit by myself."

"Do you believe there's anything in them sort o' tales?" queried Dorcas, thoughtfully.

"Do you?" was the counter question. "In all the years you have lived at Lensley have you ever seen any apparitions?"

"Never a one," was the prompt reply. "I don't say I ha'n't had my warnings and my queer dreams like other people, but I ha'n't never seen nothing worse nor myself, thank goodness for it."

"Then you do not believe that the spirit of your late master wanders about his old home?"

Involuntarily, Winnie lowered her voice; but Dorcas raised hers into quite an angry key.

"Didn't these hands o' mine help to put him in his coffin? and wasn't he a God-fearing old gentleman, as never wronged nobody, but left a year's wages to all his servants, and a hundred pounds to the poor of the parish? It's a cruel shame to set such a tale afloat, just as if he'd died wi' something on his conscience. Who told it to ye, miss?"

Winnie gave her authority, and was heard with a snort of contempt.

"If I didn't think as much. Parson's sisters is wonderful good to them as swallows their dose, as that Mrs. Chollis always do, or pretends to, which maybe is safest way. She see my old master! More likely she met a stray cow, or stumbled across a withered tree."

As Dorcas was growing warm, Winnie dropped the subject, and rejoiced secretly that she had kept her own counsel. No fresh alarm occurring, her courage revived, and she carried out her intention of making this room her retreat when the children were too exacting and Mrs. Lennard's fretfulness intolerable, though she could never enter it without casting a furtive glance towards the ebony armchair.

Her moments of leisure become fewer and fewer, for Mrs. Lennard suddenly reminded herself that if John should hear she was fretting he would be awfully upset, and so she must, for his sake, make an effort. She had just learned from Dorcas that there was a sober old pony in the paddock, and a neat, if old-fashioned, little chaise in the coach-house, so, for her health's sake, she resolved that Winnie should take her for daily drives, and she would receive and return the calls of her neighbors.

These, however, were few and far away. A haughty Dowager Baroness was the nearest; but she had satisfied herself by inquiry that the delicate, refined looking young women she saw at Lensley church were not in her set, and therefore not only ignored them herself, but expected her intimate friends to do the same.

Mr. Granton called to regret the absence of his mother, who was visiting some relatives in Scotland; but with that exception, and the spinsters at the rectory, Mrs. Lennard did not succeed in making any acquaintances.

She was, therefore, quite dependent for society and amusement on Winnie, who was sometimes almost at the end of her resources. What can be a more onerous task than keeping up the spirits of a listless, inactive woman who dwells incessantly upon her own troubles and her own ailments?

One evening Winnie remembered that amongst the folios in the book-room, she had seen a case of comparatively modern photographs, in which Mrs. Lennard might be interested, and ran away to fetch them.

Not five minutes after, she dashed into the kitchen.

There, the lad Hezekiah, or "Skia," as he was commonly called, was sitting at one end of the table, with glue-pot and brush, hammer and tacks, mending some of Miss Docie's broken toys; while at the other, under the sharp eyes of Dorcas, Rache, her assistant, was making herself a new apron.

All three were startled by Winnie's abrupt entrance, and yet more by her aspect,

"There is some one," she gasped—"Dorcas, there is some one in the book-room!"

"Lor' to goodness miss, how should e'er a body get there?" exclaimed the astonished woman.

But Winnie, repeating her assertion more by signs than words, Dorcas caught up her own light, and bidding the lad follow, boldly set forth to investigate.

The room was empty, much to the relief of Skia, who gladly retraced his way to the kitchen, where Rache sat with her head rolled up in the table-cover.

"I would'nt come here no more at nights, if I were you, missie," said Dorcas, compassionately, as she brought Winnie some salts and a glass of water. "You're a bit nervish like, and the shadows are wonderful deceiving."

"It was no deception!" was the earnest reply. "When I came into the room, some one was sitting in yonder chair; an old man leaning on that ivory-headed crutch-stick you once showed me."

Dorcas looked quickly towards the corner in which that morning she had placed it.

"Ah," gasped Winnie, "it is not there. I tell you he was leaning on it. See where it rests, against the arm of the chair."

"What sort of a man was he that you—you saw?" asked Dorcas, the color leaving her ruddy cheeks.

"I could not discern his features for his white hair, but he wore a velvet cap and curiously worked robe. Dorcas, it was no deception; I saw as plainly as I now see you, the figure depicted in the portrait—the figure of your dead master."

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Mrs. Lennard, aroused from a nap by the noise of their footsteps, was now heard calling to know if anything was the matter. It would never do to frighten such a timid woman with a ghostly story: it would induce her to quit Lensley immediately. So Winnie composed her looks, and ran downstairs with the photographs, about which she contrived to discourse till the usual early hour for retiring.

Then she went in search of Dorcas, who was grave, and even distressed, but provokingly reticent and evasive.

"If Miss Winnie thought—well, if she was certain sure she see something—why, in course, it was very queer; and—and—if she might vise the young lady, it would be not to go there of evenin's. There were pleasanter rooms in the house by far, for that one always smelt of mouldy books."

"And you would have me shun the room, and, if asked why, reply that a ghost has taken possession of it? But I don't believe in ghosts, Dorcas. My common sense will not let me; and while I acknowledge that I cannot explain what I behold, yet I know there must be an explanation, and I shall not rest till I have found it."

Then Dorcas pondered long and gravely, suggesting at last that "happen it would never come again."

"But I want to know what, or rather who it is? If it is being done to drive us away, it is very cruel, it is unpardonable, and I hope you are not taking part in the trick."

"Me, Miss Winnie!" and the eyes of Dorcas began to fill with angry light. "If you think that of me, I'd better leave at the end o' my month; so you'll please take this as notice."

"No, Dorcas, I cannot spare the only person I have to rely upon," was the reply; "and if, in my annoyance, I did you injustice, forgive me, and help me to find out the meaning of my strange alarms."

Dorcas was easily pacified, but she seemed incapable of solving the mystery. Indeed, there did not appear to be any reasonable solution for it. No one could explain how it was that, in spite of locked doors, the book-room was visited by a figure wearing the guise of the dead.

Winnie reproached herself for her want of courage in fleeing before it. Had she boldly stayed and challenged the apparition, the question might have been set at rest; but alas, she was a woman, and easily frightened.

This occurrence cost poor Winnie not only her night's rest, but many anxious hours besides. She could, and did avoid the book-room, and was careful not to utter a word that might induce Mrs. Lennard to suspect why. She even tried hard to convince herself that the figure of the old man was an optical illusion, occasioned by some obscure condition of her own senses, but these efforts usually ended in her asking herself what would be the consequences if the phantom should appear to the weak, impressionable Mary Lennard as well as herself?

This query always evoked another. Was she justified in letting so nervous and delicate a woman remain where she was exposed to such a risk? Ought they not to quit the house immediately? But then what reason could she assign for taking a step she had hitherto deprecated? and how remove till John Lennard's promised remittance reached her hands? Her finances were at so low an ebb that it was from her own savings Mrs. Lennard's tray was supplied with the few nicelies her fastidious appetite demanded.

In this dilemma she felt the absolute necessity of getting advice from someone. But whom? There were friends of the Lennards in town who had kindly promised to come to her aid in any emergency, but what would they say if summoned to hear a ghost story?

It was no use discussing the subject with Dorcas, who only reiterated her "'vice" to miss to keep clear of the book-room.

Winnie could and did relinquish her visits to it, but she could not go up or down stairs without passing the door, and wondering, with a shiver, whether it would suddenly fly open and reveal the phantom lurking within. It was easy to be brave in the daylight, but even then it would give her a chill to see, as she frequently did, Dorcas standing in front of the ebony chair, broom and duster forgotten, while her strongly-lined features were puckered into an almost ludicrous expression of perplexity.

Yes, the over-burdened, harassed girl longed to get some one into her confidence, and her thoughts turned to the vicar. Unfortunately, he was one of those irresolute men who cannot keep a secret; he would repeat all she said to his garrulous sisters, by whom it would be carried all over the village.

She was standing in the porch one evening, musing over her difficulties, despising herself for her fears, yet unable to banish them, when Mr. Granton appeared.

He was a frequent visitor, and a welcome one, to Mrs. Lennard, for he was always a patient listener to her feeble plaints; but Winnie was shy of the young man, and disposed to avoid him, for she could not be blind to the admiration his stolen glances expressed, and was too proud to encourage it knowing that she was only a governess, and he the owner of a large estate, and the idolised son of a lady who was said to be very eager for him to marry a wealthy orphan who was under her guardianship.

Mrs. Granton, with her ward, had just returned from the north, and her son made this an excuse for calling. He came to announce his mother's intention of visiting Mrs. Lennard on the morrow.

"She wished so much to know you!" he added, with a significance that at another time might have made Winnie blushingly ask herself what Charles Granton could have said in her praise to make his stately mother desirous of seeing her; but now she was harassed and absorbed in other things. The pretty house under the firs was becoming hateful; she found herself starting at every sound, trembling at every shadow.

"Are you not well, Miss Lennard, or have you had bad news from abroad?"

The question was put with such flattering interest that, much to her own vexation, she answered it with a burst of tears. Then—she could never remember in what words, she was given to understand that there was one who yearned to share all her sorrows and bear all her burdens—but somehow Winnie found herself with her hands clasped on Charlie Granton's, and making him the confidant of her ghostly adventures.

Thank goodness, she was heard with none of the wondering exclamations and smiles of suppressed amusement she had been anticipating. A few pertinent questions were frankly put and as frankly answered, and then the subject was dismissed for pleasanter ones.

Charlie Granton talked of his mother, and how warm-hearted she was in spite of the crust of outer reserve that made some of her neighbors call her proud: and of his mother's ward, for whom he had always experienced a brotherly liking. Only when Docie's fretful cry that she was tired, and Auntie must take her to bed, made her start asunder, he whispered:

"Don't be uneasy if you see me wandering about your premises to-night. I shall leave nothing undone to find your spectre and bring him to book."

"Then you think some designing or malicious person has been playing on my fears? But with what intent?"

"Ah! this it is that puzzles me. Our villagers are a kindly set, take them all in all; but if either of them has dared——"

He set his teeth, and looked dangerous; then gave Winnie a reassuring smile, and she saw him no more till the following evening.

The daylight had died away, the children were abed, the ceremonious visit had been paid; Mrs. Lennard, tired of expatiating on the elegance of Mrs. Granton's ward, and the charming, old-fashioned manners of Mrs. Granton herself, was lying on a couch, resting her eyes; and Winnie, on a low stool in front of the fire, which the coolness of the spring air rendered acceptable, was recalling, with happy blushes, the kind things their visitors had said to the girl Charlie Granton has plainly told them he was fast learning to love.

But here was Charlie himself. He had entered too lightly to disturb Mrs. Lennard, as, leaning over Winnie, he whispered that he wanted her.

She stood up and suffered him to wrap a shawl round her shoulders. There was a suppressed excitement in his manner that made her pulses begin to flutter.

She has been too busy and too happy that day to bestow many thoughts on the spectre, but now her fears revived.

Where was Mr. Granton going to take her—to the book-room? and if the figure were there, what would be the result?

But, with a cheering whisper, he led her into the hall, where they found Dorcas, looking like her young mistress, half eager, half fearful.

She was carrying a small lantern, by the light of which Mr. Granton pioneered them across the drawing-room and into what had once been a well-kept conservatory, though now some huge old orange-trees in tubs and a wildly-luxuriant passion flower were all it contained.

"There is a door here," he said, making for the most obscure corner behind the orange-trees—"a door that leads to a staircase, by which the late owner of the house used to descend to the garden when inclined to take a solitary walk. You, Dorcas, know of this door."

"That's true, sir; but I've kept it locked ever since I've been here, and the key"—she held it up in confirmation—"in my own pocket always."

"Did it never strike you that there might be more keys than one."

"Eh, dear?" and Dorcas glanced from one to the other in dismay. "How was it I never thought o' that?"

Instead of replying, Charles Granton took the lantern from her, and, drawing Winnie closer to him, led her up a narrow staircase, that ended in a sliding panel. This he softly slid aside, and she saw that it formed part of the oak wainscoting of the book-room.

Here the moonlight was streaming through the long casements, and in the ebony chair sat the same figure Winnie had twice seen before.

But for the manly arm thrown around her, she would have retreated.

Was it, could it be a living being, this white-haired, weird old man, who sat there silent, motionless as the dead?

Was he unconscious of their presence? Apparently so, till the light of the lantern being turned on his features, revealed them to Dorcas, who immediately ran forward and seized him by the shoulders.

"If it beant you, uncle Asa, old sinner that you are! I'd like to shake ye well, that I would. What do ye mean by coming masquerading here, and frightening Miss Winnie 'most to death? Send for the policeman, Mr. Granton, and give him in charge. I won't say a word against it."

"Who is he?" asked Winnie, as soon as she could make herself heard.

"An old man who was employed here, and whose master left him enough to have kept him in comfort for the rest of his days," she was told; "but he soon wasted it, and had to go into the poor-house."

"Where he ought to be at this moment,"

added the angry Dorcas. "An old reprobate!"

At this the object of her wrath began to weep, and protest that he only came after his rights.

"Master always meant me to have his old clothes, and them's what I came for."

"Creeping in like a thief, with a key you'd no business to have kept back!" Dorcas retorted. "If that was all you wanted, why didn't you take the things and go?"

"Because they wouldn't have let me wear em in the workus; and so I had to be content wi' giving them a wear here nowa and thens. There was no harm in it as I can see. I ain't hurt nobody, nor stolen nothing, and you needn't be too hard on a man as is going on his ninety-four."

In consideration of his great age, old Asa was mulcted of the key with which he had admitted himself, and dismissed with a gentle reprimand.

It was a very prosaic ending to a ghostly adventure, but an immense relief to Winnie, who from thenceforth dwelt very contentedly at the house under the firs, till John Lennard sent for his wife and children, when Charles Granton claimed her as his bride.

COLORING IN BIRDS.

The struggle for existence among plants and animals is a hard one, and every point gained in the direction indicated tends to survival. The modification in the form and color of insects, and the successful shifts thereby made to elude their enemies, provide the striking facts of the case.

Birds modify and rearrange the colors of their plumage, adapt the coloration of their eggs, and the structure and material of their nests, all to the same end.

We know that the more highly organized flowers have changed both form and color to satisfy insect visitors; while the insects themselves have modified their organs so as to enable them the better to find certain flowers.

In Sumatra, Mr. Wallace found a large butterfly, its upper surface of a rich purple, with a broad bar of deep orange crowning each wing. The species is found in dry woods and thickets, and when on the wing, is very conspicuous.

Among bush and dry leaves the naturalist was never able to capture a specimen, for, however carefully he crept to the spot where the insect had settled, he could never discover it until it suddenly started out again.

But upon one occasion he was fortunate enough to note the exact spot where the butterfly settled, and although it was lost sight of for some time, he at length discovered it close before his eyes. In its position of repose it exactly resembled a dead leaf attached to a twig.

So in our own country we may observe that the Purple Emperor Butterfly affects certain of the brightly-colored wild geraniums, upon which, in repose, it is almost impossible to detect it.

The Brown-spotted Fritillaries of our birchwoods also offer examples of this class, it being difficult to detect them against the fungus-pitted leaves of every shade of brown and dun and yellow.

Birds afford the most numerous examples. The pencilled plumage of the Snipe lying still in the brown marshes is almost impossible to detect, although the birds get up at one's feet everywhere. The same may be said of the Woodcock in the leaf-strewn woods, and of the nests and eggs of both species.

The eggs of the wild duck assimilate to the color of the pale-green reeds, and those of the Lapwing to the ploughed field or the upland.

During the breeding-time of the common Green Plover, a person unaccustomed to bird-nesting was sent up a furrow in which were six nests, each containing eggs which were to be collected. By the time the end of the furrow was reached the collector had put his foot into one nest and failed to find the other five.

The color of Red Grouse conforms very nearly to that of the brown and purple heather among which they lie, as do also their richly-speckled eggs.

The Partridge has a double protection. It is most difficult to pick out her quiet brown plumage from the hedge-bottom so long as she remains still. She adopts the dusts and browns of the dead leaves among which she lies. When she leaves her eggs deliberately, she is careful to cover them over; but this seems almost superfluous, for there is no great contrast between the tint of the eggs and that of the leaves among which they lie.

A hen Pheasant sitting in a bracken bed is equally difficult to detect; and this applies particularly to the young of all the game-birds just mentioned.

The bright dark eyes of birds and animals frequently betray their presence, those of the former being generally large and prominent.

A short-eared Owl on a peat-moss we have mistaken for a clod of turf; and a gaunt Heron with wind-fluttered feathers, for drift stuff caught in the swaying branches of the stream.

Another characteristic case of protective imitation and coloring is furnished by the Nightjar or Goatsucker. This large night-flying bird, half owl, half swallow, rests during the greater part of the day on the bits of bare limestone of the fells. Its mottled gray plumage exactly corresponds with the gray of the stones; and its eggs, in color like its plumage, are laid upon the bare ground without the slightest vestige of a nest, and again entirely resemble the stone.

It will be remarked that all these birds live much upon the ground, obtaining the principal part of their food therefrom, and therefore have special need of protection. And then incubation in every case takes place on the ground; and just as the imitation of the plumage of the female bird is perfect, so will the fact tell upon the survival of the species. There is no such need for tree-builders, as these for the most part are out of the reach of predatory animals.

The Chaffinch is by far the most abundant bird of our fields and woods; and there is one good reason why it should be so. It invariably covers its nest on the outside with dead lichens like those of the trunk against which its nest is built. Against predatory boys and birds and animals the device succeeds admirably, with the result that the chaffinch as a species flourishes vigorously.

The common Wren constructs her nest of moss, and places it upon a mossy background, so as to present no sharp contrasts. Sometimes she interweaves one or two dead oak-leaves, so as to render the deception more deceitful; and, from the number of wrens which abound, she evidently succeeds.

Starlings and sparrows and jackdaws, which build in holes at a considerable elevation, and have therefore less need of protection, hang out straws and sticks and bits of wool and feather as impudent advertisements.

But Whoatears and such birds as build in low walls cannot afford to do this; they built neat nests, leaving no trace without.

Several of our warblers drag dead leaves to the outside of their nests, and a hundred others employ like ingenuities.

Fish rapidly assimilate to the color of the river-bed; and the same rule applies to animals. It is commonly known that mountain hares are brown in summer, white in winter; so are ermines, silver foxes, ptarmigan, snow buntings, the snowy owl, Iceland falcons, and a host of other creatures. All assimilate to the general color of the ground on which they live; and the one which assimilates most closely is the most successful as a species.

ODD PAYMENTS IN KIND.

When Sir Henry Pierrepont took up his appointment to the Recordership of Nottingham in 1603, the "town" presented him with a gallon of white wine, a gallon of claret, a pottle of muskadyne, a pottle of sack, a sugar-loaf, with nine shillings, and twenty pennyworth of lemons.

In the same year the Nottingham burgesses gave the Earl of Shrewsbury a veal, a mutton, a lamb, a dozen chickens, two dozen rabbits, two dozen pigeons, and four capons.

As the record says nothing of any services rendered by Recorder or Earl, we suppose they were paid in advance, or in lively expectation on the part of the burgesses of favors to come.

Dear as he might be in one sense to all the country round, an old-time pastor of Crosthwaite could hardly be dear to his flock of Cumberland folk at an annual stipend of five pounds; a "hardened sark" or shirt of coarse linen; the privilege of plying his knife and fork for a week together at any table in the parish; and the right of turning his geese on the public common.

Better off were the clergymen of Virginia, who as late as the last century were paid for their ministrations in tobacco, since with a little trouble the weed could be converted into cash; a transformation not to be easily or profitably effected with ten feet stove-pipe, three kegs of varnish, two packets of corn-starch, a felt hat, a paper collar, four palm-leaf fans, and two bundles of bed-sheets, which the trustees of a western Pennsylvania church handed over to their minister in full satisfaction of the arrears of salary due to the long-suffering man.

Dollars would seem to be scarce with the Saints of Utah. When Brigham Young invited Mademoiselle Rita Sanganelle to appear at Montana, he fixed the charge of admission at one fowl, and a supplementary pigeon if the fowl was not so plump as it might be.

The night's receipts amounted to seven hundred fowls and fifty pigeons; and the dancer had no reason to complain when she was paid their equivalent in cash, at the rate of sixteen shillings per fowl and nine shillings per pigeon; coming better off than the actor at the Salt Lake City theatre, whose takings on his benefit night consisted of corn in the ear, sweet-potatoes, young pigs, white mice, and two hundred axe-handles, for which he had to find a market himself.

Somebody avers that a country journalist has but one way of keeping his subscription book—after this fashion: Tom Brown, eggs; Jack Smith, fish; John Jones; butter; Pat Brady, whiskey; John Fitch, whiskey; Henry Gray, meat; Bob Rowe, on house-rent; Jeff. Pink, cash.

There is some truth in the libel, that a Kentucky editor announcing that any person bringing to the office twenty pounds of pork, or ten pounds of pork sausages, or two bushels of sound Irish potatoes, or four bushels of sound turnips, or ten good chickens, or ten pounds of good lard, or one bushel of sound onions, should receive his journal for twelve months—"for half the quantity half the time;" while a Dakota man says: "Two weeks ago we published a local, saying we would take all kinds of garden truck on subscription, the same as cash, until further notice. Well, this is the further notice. We have got enough of all kinds of vegetables to fill our cellar plump full, and if we can rustle a few groceries, there is no doubt but that we will pull through the winter in pretty good shape. We have got it all figured out, and are pretty certain of two meals a day; and if our mother-in-law, who has just come doesn't eat any more than we do, we can have three meals on Sunday."

Another Dakota journalist went more willily to work. He offered to send his paper for two years by way of a prize to the farmer sending in the best bushel of beet, potatoes, turnips, or other vegetables. The unsuspecting agriculturists took the bait, and the editor distributed his prizes impartially among them. A few of them got the paper free; and he rejoiced in the possession of no end of the finest vegetables raised in the county. He had no occasion to envy the gentleman who was so astonished at receiving, as a year's subscription to his paper, half a bushel of peas, a piece of pork, and ten cents in copper, that he straightway sat down and indited a glowing leader upon 'the resources of this great country,' and the prosperity prevailing among the horny-handed sons of toil.

DEFINITION.—In a public school a teacher gave out a list of words to be defined and put in sentences; among them was the word "chasm." A little girl looked in the dictionary and, not being quite satisfied, inquired if "chasm" meant "gap." The teacher absently replied "Yes," but was astonished when the girl presented her paper with this sentence—"when I am sleepy, I always chasm." But this is hardly equal to another teacher's experience. She gave out words for analysis. "Bank-note" was one of them; and the teacher's astonishment may be imagined when one young lady brought the following unique analysis—"'t is a compound primitive word composed of 'bank' and 'note.' 'Bank' is simple word, meaning the side of a stream; 'note,' to set down. 'Bank-note,' to set down by the side of a stream."

It is stated that one man has recently moved from New York to Brooklyn for no other reason than that smoking cars are run on the elevated road in Fulton street. He says he is too busy to smoke at his office, and his wife will not let him smoke at home.

BIGGS—You say your wife always pins a flower on your coat before you leave home? Yes; she has for a month. Biggs—Well, it shows she thinks of you——. No; it's because she can never remember to sew on the button.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

For a prisoner to attempt to force an entrance into jail is quite a rare occurrence, but this, it is stated, happened lately at a jail near Berlin, where at night a person scaled the prison wall and safely landed in the jail yard. He was arrested and it was found upon his being examined that he was a former prisoner come to visit a friend he had made during his involuntary visit.

The Educational situation in New York State, as the report of the Superintendent of Instruction shows, is a very lamentable one. According to the report, 772,426 children of school age did not attend school last year, being about 46 per cent. of the whole number in that State. In the cities the percentage of attendance was as high as 82 per cent., while in the country the returns were most discouraging, being as low as 27.

A novel measure of protection against thieves and other crooked customers, it is said, has been instituted by the Bank of France. An instantaneous photographic operator is placed in such a position that he can, on receiving a signal from the cashier, take a photograph of the person then at the window. A valuable record may be thus preserved of the person to whom a check is paid or whose identity it may be necessary to establish.

The co-respondents in a divorce suit in Atlanta, Georgia, have issued the following unique card: "The undersigned have this day dissolved their relations as man and wife. Neither claims nor believes any cause for divorce against the other, either upon Scriptural or legal grounds. Having gradually discovered, what we did not know at the time of our marriage, that we did not and do not have that degree of mutual love essential to a happy union, and feeling that time widens rather than heals the breach, we believe it our duty to dissolve our marriage relations. We will in the future regard ourselves as neither husband nor wife the one to the other, and neither will interfere nor be responsible for the other. Signed in duplicate at Atlanta, Ga., this 20th day of January, 1888. Mary A. H., Wm. A. H."

A down-town lawyer borrowed a book from a friend in the same office, took it home, and forgot to return it. Several times he was reminded of this by the owner of the book, and as many times forgot to put it in his pocket when he left his house. At last, stung by desperation by his friend's gibes, he sat down, and, addressing a postal card to himself at his residence, wrote on the back of it thus: "If you do not attend to that matter within twenty-four hours you may expect the worst." "There," he said grimly, "if that doesn't fetch me nothing will!" It fetched him out of a late sleep the next morning immediately after the postman's first visit to explain to his white-faced, terrified wife that she was not likely to be made a widow. He offered explanations—and took the book back, but he is not sure that his wife does not believe that he has committed some crime or in some way got into the clutches of a blackmailer.

Few people would be apt to understand what you meant if you talked to them about "telepathy." New sciences spring up so rapidly nowadays that it is hard work to keep track of the new words coined for them. Telepathy is related in meaning to telegraphy, in that it is a sort of mental telegraphy, or feeling at a distance, being derived from the Greek, pathos, feeling, and tele, at a distance. It is only a new and more scientific name, however, for what we commonly speak of as mind reading, though not all mind reading is telepathy. The secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, defines telepathy as the ability of one mind to impress or be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense, and cites some remarkable instances of mind reading and thought transference [illegible] for society). These, he thinks, confirm the conclusion that thought transference is a reality.

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Our Young Folks.

MADGE THE HEROINE.

BY W. W. S.

THERE had been a fierce gale, followed by a heavy rain. At this all the streams and rivulets were rampant, very like boys up to mischief; their waters rising and rising, and they clamoring over it, and exultantly calling to one another, and each one boasting what it could do, if it only had the chance.

Ah yes, chance! Some said, "What if the mill dam should burst"—the mill clacking and working away higher up the valley? Then woe to Greenfell! a little hamlet nestling just below it on a shelving descent.

But others said, "Pooh! why should the dam burst? it had never done such an unwise thing before"; and all the old men shook their heads and smiled. "Nonsense! it had never played such a trick in all their long lives."

"Well, what do you think of the dam, young lady?"

"Young lady" was Madge Harding, daughter of Dr. Harding, living in Greenfell proper, not in that little fag end of a hamlet, not far from the mill.

Madge was seven, and on her way to spend the day with Nurse Mary, once her father's nurse, living up under the wood, safe from all this delicious fear of dams bursting, or floods sweeping down.

"I don't think it will burst," answered Madge.

And the farmer said, "No; you're of my opinion; only the mill folk must mind what they're about." To which Madge made reply—

"Yes; and of course they will be careful."

Then Farmer Coles walked on, but the small imaginative child stood a moment to look round at the gorge-like valley, and tried to fancy what it would be like if the dam really did burst, till her dark hair seemed to creep on her head, and she hurried on, with that delightful sense of fear of that which we feel sure will not happen.

Nurse Mary's was a lonely life, away from everybody, Madge thought. Not so the old lady—she said she had concerts every evening in summer, and the best of singers, the birds; and in winter that master musician, the wind, kept her lively, piping and harping through the leafless trees of the wood.

To-day Madge thought her very far behind the rest of the world, when she did not know about what was said of the mill-dam; and when she did, she only smiled, saying—

"Ah, dearie! I've heard many things talked of that never happened, and I suppose this is one of them—things don't often happen to us as they do to people in books."

Then down knelt Madge by the old lady's side, and talked of reservoirs bursting, bridges giving way, railway accidents—a whole string of horrors.

"I remember reading about a dam, or something, going to burst outside a town, I forget where, and a little boy found it out, and kept his arm in the hole all the night—I think, to keep back the water. I almost forget the end of it, but I think the town was saved, but I don't know what happened to the boy. Wasn't it a noble thing to do? If I could do anything like it!" sighed Madge.

"Then you would be a heroine."

"Oh! wouldn't it be beautiful?"

"Not more beautiful, dearie, than many duties done every day that never get into books," said matter-of-fact Mary. "I played the heroine once in my life, or tried to: went into a field and faced a wild goat, because all the other girls were afraid to do it."

"And what happened?" asked Madge breathlessly.

"I got knocked down, and my clothes torn a great deal, and a rare scolding from my mother." Nurse Mary laughed a tinkling laugh over her girlhood's freak.

But Madge did not come to talk of heroes, heroines, and their mighty deeds all the day; she tripped here and there, and did this and that for her old friend, as if she had been a princess. Then it was sunset, and time to go home.

Away she went, tripping along, thinking of Nurse Mary's way of playing heroine, and laughing over it, when she reached the mill.

Why, what had happened? The water of the river at the mill-head had gone mad and overleaped its banks, and surrounded the mill-house.

Why—why, the dam had given way, as people said it would; more, it was flowing over Madge's path home. Of course it was not deep; she thought she could see the white road through it.

It was all like a great wide-stretching sea; still she must get home—her mamma would be expecting her; she pictured her sitting in the dining-room by the log fire, her papa not yet come in, glancing out of the twilight windows, watching for her. She could not know of the flood—still, she must get home; she would just try a step or two.

How deep the water was! She should wet her feet, but that she could not help, she—— No farther did Madge get in her thoughts; just one step, and away she went. She had tried to walk in the river itself—she did not know the boundary-line.

Oh, that great, strong, rolling torrent carrying her on! it was well that it was strong enough to sweep along a tree trunk from somewhere and bear it on.

A drowning girl will struggle for life as well as a mariner, so did Madge; and in desperation she mounted on the tree trunk. A poor little dishevelled mermaid, there she sat; she might have been an Indian in a canoe, anything romantic, sailing along she knew not whither.

"Ha, ha" laughed the wind; the afterglow faded, the stars peered down at her, their light showing her Greenfell hamlet submerged, their chimneys standing just above the water, like the masts of a vessel foundered at sea.

Oh, horror! what was that? A dark something climbing up from the water upon her tree trunk, but at the farther end. Not a bear, not a lion—she laughed and shuddered—but a dog, and of all dogs, Rolf, the factory dog; so fierce, that he was the terror of the neighborhood when loose.

The child gave herself up for lost then; but Rolf, in like peril with herself, was a different creature from the one who walked the every-day world, and dared anyone to touch him. She could see his bright eyes peering at her, but he never came near her; down he crouched at his end of the tree, while she, a small bundle of shivers, crept to the other.

Now a faint mew smote upon her ear, and a black and white kitten crept up from the watery depths, to keep the other two waifs company. Madge drew her to her, but Rolf never moved—kitten-chasing would not do to-night.

Then she espied something moving along in the water—a baby; she knew it was a baby; she could just see it in the deepening gloom of evening, and Rolf saw it too. He started to his feet, and looked to her as for a word of command.

"Fetch, Rolf—fetch! Good dog!" she cried, her little tender girl's heart throbbing as it had never throbbed before.

And Rolf leaped in and fished it up; more, he returned with it in his mouth, and brought it to her, laying it on her lap. She could but pat his head; fierce dog though he was, he was very gentle to-night—her fellow-voyager in peril. He licked the cold wet cheek of the silent baby, and then crept back to his end of the tree trunk, while Madge held her poor little foundling, and wondered was it dead.

As for kitty, she purred and nestled contentedly at her side. No, the baby was not dead, for presently it stirred and cried out, at which Rolf said "Wow!" and crept across to have a look at it. Then down he sat by the little girl's side, and so they floated on together—a little girl and a baby, a kitten and the fiercest dog for miles, all under the twinkling stars and the cold blue sky.

Well, the tree trunk drifted them in to land, and just at the right place, too, as if it had been a thing of life and sense: at the point where some men were putting off in a boat to the aid of the Greenfell people, whose chimneys Madge had seen just above water, and among the rest, Madge's brother Tom and her father, the doctor.

"Well, you have played heroine with a vengeance!" said Tom, hurrying her home for fear of cold, carrying that little nobody of a baby, as he called it, with a kindly boy's tender contempt.

But the end of it was that nobody was drowned—the Greenfell people escaped on rafts and the like; only that poor little baby had dropped from a little frightened sister's arms. Its mother claimed it, but Madge always called it her little Moses. As for great savage Rolf, he was never savage with Madge afterward.

This is what Nurse Mary said when she heard of it all:—

"Don't forget that there are other things to be done in life besides playing heroine, dearie."

TABLE TRAITS.

To many of us there is an inexpressible magic in the sound of the word 'dinner'—a certain boding of something good, far more telling than thousands of its brethren in the dictionary. We beget a fondness for it, like the armature for its poles.

But the derivation of the word is much more hazy than its meaning. It is believed by some that it springs from a corruption of the words dix-heures, indicating the time at which, in the old Norman days, this meal was taken.

The mere idea of having dinner at the barbarous hour of ten o'clock in the morning would in all probability send a modern chef into a fit; yet it was at this early time that persons of quality, both in this country and in France, partook of the meal.

Froissart mentions waiting upon the Duke of Lancaster at five in the afternoon, after he had supped; and during the reigns of Francis I. and Louis XII. of France, fashionable people dined from half-past ten, and supped at the latest at six in the evening.

And again, from a Northumberland Household Book, bearing date 1512, we learn that the family rose at six, breakfast at seven, dined at ten, supped at four, and shut the gates at 9 P. M.

Speaking generally, though the dinner hour then, as now, was later in this country than in France, Louis XIV. did not dine till twelve; whilst his contemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II., took the meal at one. In 1700, the hour was advanced to two, and in 1751, we find that the Duchess of Somerset's dinner-time was three.

In 1760, Cowper speaks of four o'clock as the then fashionable time. After the battle of Waterloo, 6 P. M. was the time at which the beau-monde took their substantial meal; while at the present day many of the nobility do not dine until eight or nine; so we see that, through four hundred years, the dinner-hour has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. When the dinner hour was so early, often no previous meal was taken.

The Romans, in the time of Cicero and Augustus, took an early breakfast, from three to four in the morning, a luncheon at twelve or one, and at about three o'clock the principal meal of the day, corresponding with our dinner. Concurrently, we read of some not dining until sunset.

A Roman dinner at the house of a wealthy man consisted chiefly of three courses. All sorts of stimulants to the appetite were first served up, and eggs were indispensable to the first course.

Amongst the various dishes we may instance the guinea-hen, pheasant, nightingale, and the thrush as birds most in repute.

The Roman gourmands held peacocks in great estimation, especially their tongues. Macrobius states that they were first eaten by Hortensius, the orator, and acquired such repute that a single peacock was sold for fifty denarii, the denarius being equal to about twenty cents of our money.

As exemplifying the pitch to which Roman epicureanism was carried, and indicative of a truly barbaric nature, a dish consisting of the tongues alone of some thousands of the favorite songsters of the air was requisitioned at immense cost to satisfy the inordinate cravings of one of the emperors.

One can hardly avoid the reflection that such a being must have been extremely untuneful. The liver of a capon steeped in milk was thought a great delicacy; and of solid meat, pork appears to have been most relished.

At a Saxon dinner, the dining-table was oblong and rounded at the ends. The cloth was a rich crimson, with a broad gilt margin hung low beneath the table. The company sat upon chairs with concave backs, and were arranged with regard to the sexes, much as at the present day. The dishes consisted of fowls, fish, flesh of oxen, sheep, deer, and swine, both wild and domestic—not excepting certain portions of the sea-swine or porpoise—a food at present little cared for, but at that period no unfrequent article of diet. Bread of the finest wheaten flour lay on two silver baskets upon the table.

Almost the only vegetable in use among the Saxons was kalewort; and the condiments, salt and pepper. The various articles used were boiled, broiled, or baked, and were handed the attendants upon small spits to the company.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Fried wasps is a Chinese tid bit.

Ventilated boots are among the latest in footwear.

Seventy million people in Europe wear wooden shoes.

Dandelion leaves are said to possess sleep-producing qualities.

"Scotch whisky" made in Germany is being largely imported into India.

A mule at Crowden Creek, North Carolina, is reported to be nearly half a century old.

During 1892 there were 1768 strikes in the State of New York, involving 25,764 persons.

In a garden at Lexington, Florida, there are said to be 132 different varieties of roses.

A law at Hutchinson, Kansas, is said to require chickens to be penned up from March to October.

The citizens of Grand Rapids, Mich., have formed an association to protect themselves from dog thieves.

A prisoner at Saginaw, Michigan, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for stealing a pair of shoes.

Colored men of means have united to build a hotel for the exclusive use of persons of their race at Salter, Mo.

Four chickens, two geese and a pig were among the presents received by a Grundy county, Mo., bride.

A burglar in San Francisco toiled for hours the other night to crack a safe that was not only empty but unlocked.

The working people of the South are said to wear tennis shoes exclusively for about nine months in the year.

A new Lutheran school at Neenot, Wis., which will shortly be completed, will only teach the German language.

When a bank fails in China it is the custom to cut off the heads of the offending bank officers as an example to others.

It is said that 26 murders were committed in Elbert county, Georgia, during the last two years, without a single conviction.

An Italian boy in Newark, N. J., was seized with an epileptic fit while whistling, a few days ago, which resulted in his death.

A box weighing nearly 600 pounds fell on the head of a colored man at Brunswick, Georgia, one day lately, without causing any injury.

A thief at Owasso, Michigan, stole a pair of trousers, and finding they did not fit him, returned them with the request that they be exchanged.

It is reported from Manchester, Conn., that a horse recently fell off a trestle into the river below, a distance of 60 feet, without sustaining any injury.

A club has been started in London for the use of clerks, book-keepers, stenographers, telephone girls and others who work in town and live in the suburbs.

John Myers, of Logansport, Indiana, attempted to swallow a glassful of vinegar on a wager. He succeeded in his undertaking, but has been unconscious since.

William Ordway Partridge, the Boston sculptor, only 31 years of age, got $10,000 for his statue of Shakspeare, and is to receive $17,000 for his statue of Garfield.

A Bible bee is the latest form of amusement at Cuthbert, Ga. Prizes are awarded to the persons proving themselves most familiar with Bible history.

The total number of white males in the United States from 5 to 20 years inclusive, is 9,655,373; colored, 1,587,826. Total number of white females of same ages, 9,595,193; colored, 1,569,439.

A heavy overcoat is said to have saved the life of Theodore Schumacher, of Mason City, Nebraska. He was kicked in the stomach by a horse, and the overcoat stopped the force of the blow.

The prick of a pin caused the death of John J. Maynard, a New York man, a few days ago. He had used the pin to remove a sliver that had got in his finger, and the poison from the brass point caused blood poisoning.

While burglars were at work in the First National Bank of Catawissa, Pa., a pig ran squealing down the street outside. It made such an uproar that the burglars became frightened and fled without having secured any booty.

A church in Newark, New Jersey, was entered recently by burglars, who emptied bottles of ink over the carpets, smashed the glass in the doors and bookcases, and destroyed numerous Bibles, prayer-books and hymnals, besides causing other damage.

A woman in New Hampshire is a street railway magnate, a good housekeeper and cook, a fine shot with the revolver, a first-class swimmer, an excellent business woman and worker in the church. She cannot, however, throw a stone or strike a nail on the head.

YOU.

BY W. W. LORD.

When day is dead and dusky night
Sets all her jewels in the sky,
And winds go mourning by,
I see you in the warm firelight,
Robed as of old in fleecy white,
But when I reach, you fade from sight.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

The Etruscans of old believed in three kinds of lightning—one incapable of doing any injury; another more mischievous in its character, and consequently to be issued with the consent of a quorum of twelve gods; and a third carrying mischief in its train, and for which a regular decree was required from the highest divinities in the Etruscan skies. Curiously enough, modern scientists, following the lead taken by Arago, have also decreed that the varieties of lightning are threefold.

A very singular story is told concerning the vagaries of one mass of globe lightning. A tailor in the Rue St. Jacques, in the neighborhood of the Val de Grace, was getting his dinner one day during a thunder-storm, when he heard a loud clap, and soon the chimney-board fell down, and a globe of fire as big as a child's head came out quietly and moved slowly about the room at a small height above the floor.

The spectator in conversation afterwards said it looked like a good-sized kitten rolled up into a ball and moving without showing its paws. It was bright and shining, yet he felt no sensation of heat. The globe came near his feet; but by moving them gently aside he avoided the contact. After trying several excursions in different directions, it rose vertically to the height of his head—which he threw back, to prevent it touching him—steered towards a hole in the chimney above the mantel-piece, and made its way into the flue.

Shortly afterwards—"when he supposed it had had time to reach the top," the tailor said—there was a dreadful explosion, which destroyed the upper part of the chimney, and threw the fragments on to the roofs of some adjoining buildings which they broke through.

The magnetic effects produced are often very curious. A chest containing a large assortment of knives, forks, and other cutlery, was, not many years ago, struck in the house of a Wakefield tradesman, and magnetism imparted to the whole of the articles.

Arago in his Meteorological Essays speaks of a shoemaker in Swabia whose tools were thus treated, to his indescribable annoyance. "He had to be constantly freeing his hammer, pincers, and knife from his nails, needles, and awls, which were constantly getting caught by them as they lay together on the bench."

The same authority knew of a Genoese ship which was wrecked near Algiers in consequence of some pranks played by lightning amongst the compasses, the captain innocently supposing that he was sailing towards the north, when as a matter of fact he was steering due south.

Many other effects have been attributed to electrical commotions; but for some of these it would be hazardous to vouch. There are wells and springs which are thrown into a state of apparent ebullition on the approach of a storm. Fountains are said to pour out copious streams even in times of drought, when Jupiter "media nimborum in nocte, corusca fulmina malitur dextra," in the middle of the clouds of night, sends forth the lightning from his mighty hand.

Subterranean thunders have occasionally been heard preparatory to an aerial eruption. The sea has cast up volumes of water, as if volcanoes were exploding below. The ground has burst open, and floods of water have gushed forth from the sides of hills or from fissures in the rocks.

Taking another class of effects, cures have been performed by lightning: gouty men have been enabled to walk freely; epileptic persons have been healed; amaurosis has been removed, and rheumatism dispelled by a flash.

But one dare not look too closely into the subject of medical electricity, nor venture to recommend any one to tempt lightning in the hope of experiencing its curative powers; for its action is arbitrary and oftener than not hurtful. Three hundred persons were once struck in Charleston prison and clean robbed of their muscular strength.

There is another class of phenomena produced by lightning which is well worthy of attention, but of which little is yet known; we refer to lightning-prints. We are all acquainted with the peculiar action of light upon paper imbued with salts of silver or other chemical preparations sensitive to its influence, by which the images of surrounding objects are permanently and elegantly fixed upon paper. Well, a lightning flash now and again produces a similar result upon the thing or person it touches.

M. Poey, who has treated the subject of lightning-prints very fully in the pages of the French scientific journals, mentions twenty-four cases of impressions on the bodies of men and animals. Of these, eight were impressions of trees or parts of trees; one of a bird, and one of a cow; four of crosses; three of circles or of impressions of coins carried about the person; two of horseshoes; one of a nail; one of a metal comb; one of a number or numeral; one of the words of a sentence; and one of the back of an arm-chair.

Crosses in this connection are very old, for Gregory Nazianzen declares that in the year 360 A. D. they were imprinted upon the bodies and clothing of the workmen occupied in rebuilding the Temple of Jerusalem.

At the end of the sixteenth century a similar thing occurred at Wells Cathedral. Casaubon, who derived his information from Dr. Still, the Bishop, says that during divine service in the cathedral two or three claps of thunder were heard, which frightened the worshippers so much that they all threw themselves on the ground. Lightning flashed without hurting any one present; but it was afterwards found that crosses had been imprinted upon the bodies of all who were in the church.

A horseshoe was found indelibly marked on the neck of a young man of Candelaria, Cuba, who was struck dead by lightning near a house upon one of the windows of which was nailed a horseshoe.

Grains of Gold.

Small books are read the most.

The real giant is the man who overcomes himself.

Many people pray most for the things they need least.

Doing good will make you richer than digging gold.

It is easier to run with the crowd than to walk by yourself.

He who would be strong in mind must have facts for his diet.

Every time a stingy man looks at a dollar it shrinks his heart.

It is hard to feel at home with people who never make mistakes.

It takes a fool a life time to find out what others see at a glance.

No man can keep right who does not decide that he will always do right.

The man who is ruled by his feelings will always travel in a zig zag course.

We are not to blame for the first mistake we make, but we are for the second.

A man who is not at heart ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition in life.

A man no sooner finishes his prayer to be delivered from temptations than he hunts up temptations to be delivered from.

There is no exception to the rule of three. As your income is to your expenditure, so will the amount of your debts be to your cash in pocket.

Femininities.

"After me," as the needle said to the thread.

Bessie Woodward, a little Washington girl, died from excessive rope jumping.

A Newton county, Mo., woman was struck by lightning while engaged in blacking a stove.

The height of industry—a girl so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brows.

A stepladder which, when not in use, may be readily folded up and kept in a small box, is a new invention.

William J. Hibben, of Muncie, Ind., while trying to lift a heavy weight, was seized with hemorrhage and died.

A woman applied at police headquarters in Albany, N. Y., the other day, for permission to carry a revolver.

The wife of George Thieman, of Batesville, Ind., recently gave birth to Triplets, whose combined weight was 21 pounds.

Mrs. Annie Moore, of Mount Pleasant, Texas, claims to be the only woman president of a national bank in this country.

The city electrician of Nashville, Tennessee, states that it would be very dangerous for women wearing crinoline to cross the electric car tracks.

It is the easiest thing in the world to resist others' temptations. It is the temptations that come to ourselves which so often prove irresistible.

Mrs. John Smith, of Kingston, Ont., who is 90 years old, is reported to be cutting a new set of teeth. Five teeth have already made their appearance.

"Yes, I was awfully fond of that girl, and I believed her to be perfect, but I saw something about her last night that made me sick." "What was that?" "Another fellow's arm."

He: "Remember that you have promised solemnly to be a sister to me." She: "Yes; but you mustn't act as if you thought you were the only relative of that kind I have in the world."

A number of young men at Upland, Pa., have formed a Bachelors' Club. Each member is compelled to pay a small fine every time he is seen in company with a person of the opposite sex.

A young woman who resides on Staten Island is said to have kept a hive of bees in her bed-room during the winter. She claims that the bees knew her and make the most unobjectionable of companions.

The excuse offered by a woman at Muskegon, Mich., for robbing a clothes line was that the clothes looked so nice and white she wanted to take them home as an example of what a good washerwoman could do.

Little May: "Mamma, don't you think I can teach Fido to talk?" Mamma: "No, dear; what made you think you could?" "Well, when I gave him his dinner he growled just like you say papa does when his meal doesn't please him."

A clergyman was engaged to perform the marriage ceremony for Walter Cole and Miss Lena Hotchkiss, at Millvale, Connecticut, the other day. Shortly before the time set for the ceremony the groom went to get a shave and never returned.

Returned traveler: "French people always seem so pleasant. I noticed that every one I spoke to while I was in France smiled at me." Friend: "Indeed! In what language did you speak to them?" Traveler: "French." Friend: "Perhaps that accounts for it."

It is rare that married couples are permitted to live together for 75 years, but that happiness has been vouchsafed Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Fish, of Bucyrus, Ohio. Their diamond wedding was celebrated a few days ago. Mr. Fish is 95 years old and his wife 3 years his senior.

Visitor, picking up the baby: "So this is the baby, is it? Bless his little toosie-wootsies. Kchoo! Watch me poke um's ribs." The Boston baby: "Mother, will you kindly inform me whether the deplorable condition of this person is due to permanent dementia or spasmodic and intermittent insanity?"

Mrs. John A. Logan is said to have in her possession an interesting souvenir of General Grant. On one occasion the General, while chatting with her, opened his cigar-case in an absent-minded way, offered her a cigar, and took one himself. Mrs. Logan secreted hers without comment, and she now treasures it highly.

If one wife causes trouble, as is sometimes the case, what must be the tribulations of the King of Dahomey, the Shah of Persia, the King of Siam, the King of Ashantee or the Emperor of Morocco, each of whom has from 250 to 3000 wives? No statistics are given as to the number of children in these interesting households.

Some curious things will be seen on the World's Fair grounds if all the cranks have their way. One good woman from Kansas wants to open a mending bureau on the grounds. She thinks that a great many men may loose a button, or some women tear a skirt, and she predicts that there would be a pile of money in the mending privilege.

Masculinities.

A man is as old as he feels, but not always as big.

He that liveth not well one year sorrows for it seven.

John E. Hasselbusch, of San Francisco, is said to weigh 423 pounds.

You cannot have everything your own way. You cannot have everything, anyway.

"My wife," said Squills, proudly, "is queen of the tea table; and she never reigns but she pours."

An uptown fat man points proudly to the fact that he can give his seat to two girls in the street car.

The alleged son of Karl XV, King of Sweden, was married to a Miss Peterson, of Chicago, recently.

Gabriel Smith, 83 years old, was married to Miss Florence Webster, aged 25 years, at Luray, Va., recently.

Brown: "I'm glad I met your wife. She seemed to take a fancy to me." Jones: "I almost wish you had met her sooner."

One of the wealthiest gamblers of Terre Haute, Indiana, has joined the church, and intends spending money for its benefit.

Two Englishmen intend walking from Portland, Oregon, to New York. They expect to cover the distance in 180 days, thus breaking the record.

The Infanta Isabella, aunt of the King of Spain, who will visit the World's Fair, is a skilful horsewoman and graceful dancer. She is 62 years old.

First New Yorker: "I rode down on the Elevated this morning." Second New Yorker: "Very crowded?" "Not in the least. I had a strap all to myself."

She: "You used to say before we were married that you would give up your life for me!" He: "Well, didn't I? I haven't had any life since we were married."

Three young Wisconsin boys are in jail under the charge of highway robbery. They followed an old man, and in a lonely spot robbed him of all his valuables.

William Coats, 70 years old, was married to Mrs. Rebecca Warden, aged 67 years, at Shelbyville, Indiana, the other day. The couple had been lovers in early youth.

A man at Oil City, Pa., is the owner of a suit of clothes made entirely of the hides of rattlesnakes that have been caught, killed and tanned by him during the past four years.

Jack Rounder: "Isn't Miss Belle a beauty?" Miss Rinkel: "Yes, but you know beauty is only skin deep." Jack Rounder: "Well, I'm no cannibal. That's deep enough for me."

At the close of a long prayer by a father who had prayed for a poor family, his son said: "Father, if I had as much wheat in the barn as you have, I would answer that prayer myself."

Mr. Absentmind: "It is pretty cold in here." Barber: "Yes, sir; it is chilly this morning." Mr. Absentmind: "If you have no objection I'll keep on my hat while you are cutting my hair."

A thief in the vicinity of Newark, N. J., some time recently entered the poor house and stole a rubber suit and numerous bottles of acid. The thief probably did not know the character of the house.

She: "And shall we have a carriage after we are married, George?" He: "Certainly, Maud, dear, if your father is willing—" She, interrupting: "Why, of course he will be." He, continuing: "To pay for it."

A number of years ago a Vermont widower lost his little daughter and had this epitaph placed on her tombstone: "Go sleep with ma, Alminy S. Soon pa will come and sleep with thee." Since then he has buried three wives.

A Tekonsho, Mich., sportsman, who objected to the sparrows eating the seed he had provided for his chickens, thought that his shotgun would discriminate between the pests and the pullets, and blazed away. His shooting resulted in the death of one sparrow and three chickens.

One thousand acres of land in Taney county, Mo., owned by St. Louis men, is enclosed by a wire fence eight feet high and used for a deer park. This fence is constructed around the hill slopes so that the deer may leap over into the park, but cannot get back. They become very gentle and are never molested.

A singular illustration of the persistence with which the Japanese adhere to their family vocations is seen in an announcement in a Japanese newspaper that a certain celebrated dancing master was to hold a service in honor of the one thousandth anniversary of the death of his ancestor, who was the first of the family to take up the profession.

Mme. Catherine Gabach, whose death occurred recently at Tarascan, France, aged 100 years, was baptised in 1793 under a "tree of liberty." A century ago there were thousands of these so-called trees of liberty in France. Few of them are standing at the present time. Two of them that stood near the Botanical Garden, Paris, were cut down a short time ago.

OF FAMOUS MEN.

Every one knows how, when Sir Walter Scott was a boy, the future novelist was lost during a thunderstorm, and found by the alarmed searchers lying on his back on the hill-side looking at the lightning, clapping his hands at each flash, and exclaiming "Bonnie! bonnie!"

But a story of the same kind, with Friedrich von Schiller, the German poet, as the hero, is not so well known. One day, while a small boy, a severe thunderstorm came on; the boy was missed, and could nowhere be found. The whole household searched for him; but it was not until the storm was past that he was seen descending from the top of a high lime-tree near the house. To the inquiries of his father as to his motives, he replied: "I only wished to see where all the fire came from."

Practical joking has had many followers among "great men;" but the manner in which Beethoven was cured of it should be a lesson to all who still practice the "art." The wife of a pianist in Vienna was a great admirer of the composer's works, and had set her heart on getting a lock of his hair.

She induced her husband to get a mutual friend to ask for it; but the friend, being a practical joker, instead of carrying out her wishes, persuaded Beethoven, who also was fond of a practical joke, to send her a lock cut from a billy-goat's beard, the hair of which in texture and color slightly resembled that of the composer's.

The lady was very proud of her supposed treasure, until another friend, who knew the facts, informed her of the trick, when she was so distressed that her husband wrote an indignant letter to Beethoven. His discourtesy to a lady being thus brought home to him, he was so ashamed that he immediately wrote a letter of apology, enclosing a genuine lock of hair; and he resolved never to be a party to such jokes again.

The following anecdote of Mozart shows that he must have been a born musician. When fourteen years old he heard in Rome the Miserere of Allegri; and knowing that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this famous piece, he paid such attention to the music that, when he reached home, he noted down the entire piece.

He was enabled a few days afterwards to check the copy, when he found that he had not made a single mistake! The next day he produced such a sensation in Rome by singing the Miserere at a concert, that Pope Clement XIV. requested that he should be presented to him. Thus, by his wonderful memory, he was enabled to begin his musical career.

Michael Angelo at a time when Italy paid so much attention to ancient art that the modern had no chance of being judged fairly, had, it is said, to resort to stratagem to teach the critics the fallacy of shaping their judgments by fashion or reputation. He sculptured a statue representing a sleeping beauty, and breaking off an arm, buried it in a place where excavations were being made. It was soon found, and lauded by critics and the public as a valuable relic of antiquity, far superior to anything done for centuries.

When Angelo thought it had gone far enough, he produced the broken arm, and, to the great mortification of the critics, revealed himself as the sculptor. Though the praise was not so great after the disclosure, Angelo had the consolation of knowing that he had taught the lesson that merit and not antiquity should decide the worth of art.

Among many stories told of the Dumas, father and son, the two following are worth reproduction. The elder was exceedingly careless of his money. One afternoon he was in an outlying part of Paris, when he remembered that he had a debt to pay that day, and not a sou in his purse at the time.

He ordered his coachman to drive to a friend's house near at hand, where he asked the loan of a hundred francs. His friend was out, however, and had the key of the strong-room with him; but his wife gave Dumas one louis, which was about one-fifth of the sum needed. This he accepted, trusting to get the balance somewhere else.

His hostess had been making pickles, of which the novelist was very fond, and she presented him with a jar. As he was leaving, the servant followed him to his carriage and presented the pickles. "Thanks—take that for your trouble;" and he slipped into her hand the coin he had just borrowed from her mistress.

Mr. Edmund Yates narrates the following: When the first successful novel of the son appeared, the elder wrote to him as though to a stranger, congratulating him on his book, and saying that he himself should know something of novel-writing, having been guilty of several works of fiction. Alexandre the younger replied in the same spirit, thanking his friend for his congratulations, which he valued very much, as coming from one of whom he had often heard his father speak in the highest terms.

We had almost neglected to give the story of a practical joke played by Peter the Great, which had a very comical effect. During his second visit to a town in Holland he attended church along with the burgomaster, and feeling his head cold, seized the large official wig of the magistrate and placed it on his own head, where it remained during the remainder of the service, to the amusement of the congregation. Then he returned it to the deeply insulted burgomaster with his thanks. But that functionary's wrath was not appeased till one of the Emperor's suite solemnly assured him that His Majesty meant no offence; that it was his usual custom, when he felt his head growing cold, to seize the nearest wig he could clutch. The Dutchman devoutly thanked his stars that he was not a Russian.

Ole Bull, the well-known violinist, was perfectly fearless of consequences when his self-respect was touched. As an example of this: The Grand-duchess of Mecklenburg gave the musician a letter of commendation to her father, then King of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor William. With this he went to Berlin, where, as directed, he called first on the superintendent of the Royal Opera House, to whom he stated his mission. That gentleman was so patronizing that Bull could hardly stand it; but eventually an hour was fixed on the following day for another call at the Opera House. The violinist, with his usual punctuality, presented himself at the hour, determined to stand no nonsense. "Where is your violin?" demanded the superintendent. "In the case," responded Ole Bull coolly. "And where is the case?" "At the hotel." "But did I not tell you to play for me?" "Excuse me, sir," was the answer; "I did not think you were in earnest. I play either for money or honor, and in this case neither is in question." The manager was piqued, and he replied sharply: "I cannot present you to His Majesty without having heard you." "If the request of the Grand-duchess is not a sufficient recommendation to His Majesty, her father, I am content to leave the city;" which he did that day.

English Railway Cars.—An interesting collection, from a metallurgical point of view, is a group of English tramway and railway rails, of the earliest and latest types, dating from 1767 to 1892, which Clement E. Stretton, of Leicester, has forwarded to the Chicago Exhibition authorities at their special request. Comprised in the collection are: Sections of cast-iron rail laid in Wales in 1767, upon which locomotives ran in 1804; sections of cast-iron edge rail laid in 1789 in Loughborough; sections of cast-iron edge rails laid in 1735, and used continuously for 100 years, presented by the Duke of Rutland; wrought-iron rail laid in cast-iron chairs at Swannington in 1820; specimen of Liverpool and Manchester Railway rail, five yards long, with six chairs, laid in 1820, constituting part of the road on which the famous locomotive test was made from which Stephenson's engine, the Rocket, issued victorious; a flat-foot rail and chairs laid by Earl Stanford in 1835, a high-lap joint rail and chairs patented in 1816 and laid in 1838 by Losh & Stephenson, and a double headed rail and chairs of 1837. Mr. Stretton has also despatched to Chicago about 100 handsome photographs of English locomotive engines of dates between the years 1803 and 1892.

Regardless of Cost.—Sir John Millais has some very funny stories respecting his sitters. One day a lady, wife of an American parvenu, came to him to have her portrait painted.

At the first sitting the lady asked the great artist, curiously, what were his most expensive colors.

"Oh," replied Sir John, "vermilion——"

"Indeed!" interrupted the lady quickly. "Then paint me all in vermilion if you please; my husband doesn't mind expense."

It is hardly necessary to say that Sir John did not accede to her wishes.

ROYAL MUSICIANS.

We know as an historical fact that that curious mixture of statecraft, superstition, and "amor," King Henry VIII., composed two entire masses, often sung in His Majesty's private chapel, and that a good deal of his time was occupied with more or less artistic performances on the flute!

In addition, the great Tudor king is said to have set to music several madrigals and composed some ballads. Indeed, few readers would believe that some of the king's compositions have endured to the present day, and indicate beyond a doubt a remarkable musical talent.

Queen Elizabeth performed, we are told by her admirers, with wonderful dexterity on the "spinet," or, more correctly speaking, on the "virginal," an earlier form of the same, resembling a harpsichord.

And here Dr. Burney relates a good story, which not only confirms but also clearly indicates that Mary, Queen of Scots, should rank among royal musicians.

"Sir James Melville," says the celebrated historian, "relates a remarkable conversation with Queen Elizabeth, when, as envoy of Queen Mary in 1564, he was despatched to her court. Having inquired how the Scotch queen dressed, the color of her hair, whether prettier than her own, who was the most beautiful, who was the taller, Queen Elizabeth asked what she occupied her time with. 'I answered,' says Melville, 'that when serious affairs of state permitted, Her Majesty studied history or amused herself by playing the lute or the virginal.' 'Is she a good player?' said Queen Elizabeth. 'Irreproachable for a queen,' was my answer. The same afternoon, Lord Hunsdon took me to a gallery at the Palace to hear some music—it was the Queen playing the virginal. Having listened for a time, and lifting the curtain, I beheld Her Majesty; but having her back turned towards me, I looked for a while. Suddenly, she turned and saw me, appeared surprised, and then indignant. Presently, I was called, when she said she only played to avoid being melancholy. Next she asked who played best, Queen Elizabeth or Queen Mary. I of course gave the prudent answer that Her Majesty was the superior executionist."

Charles I., we are told, played the violoncello or bass-viol with great precision; and James I. of Scotland was endowed with such a keen ear and musical nature that several old traditional Scottish songs are attributed to him.

He maintained at his court a host of lute, harp, violin, and horn players, who, it is shown by accounts, were paid regular salaries. It is even said that King James was the sovereign who introduced the organ in the kirk.

Frederick the Great was an enthusiastic musician and a first-rate flute-player. It is said that sometimes, after a victorious battle, he would repair to his tent and amuse himself with his favorite instrument.

And the Czar Alexander I., although his father, in blind autocracy, prohibited his learning it, practiced and loved music all his life.

Finally, nearly every Emperor of the House of Hapsburg has been musical, and some even composers of considerable merit.

Leopold I. was an excellent pianist and a composer of arias and songs displaying great musical talent. And Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III., has rendered herself famous by composing 'Partant pour la Syrie.'

Marvels of the Microscope.—Leuwenhoeck tells us of animated insects seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only be equal to a mite. Insects of various kinds are observable in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruit fully discernible. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales; and a single scale covers 500 pores; yet through these narrow openings the sweat exudes like water through a sieve; how minute, then, must be its particles! The mite makes five hundred steps in a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like oxen in a meadow.

A RICH CUT!

CUT IT OUT, IT MAY SAVE YOU!

You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. POSSIBLY you may be correct, but PROBABLY you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic!

TO THE CLERGY OF AMERICA:—

Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

MY FIRST OFFER.

I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10.00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $45.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

MY SECOND OFFER.

I will send five ninety-day treatments of $20.00 each for a draft for $90.00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

These offers must not lead to the supposition that I slam the gate of Hope in the faces of the rest, but some cases have taken four and six months and even a year before there was any well defined noticeable change for the better that were afterward cured. This is especially applicable to elderly people suffering from chronic cases of long standing.

This offer is made exclusively to clergymen and any other orders or offers, UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY REMITTANCE OF EITHER $10.00 OR $20.00, FOR A ONE OR THREE MONTH'S HOME TREATMENT RESPECTIVELY, will not be noticed.

Among the hundreds of testimonials received, the following from one of the responsible department chiefs in the New York Central R. R. System is to the point:

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Union Stock Yard and Market Company.
Room 8, Grand Central Depot.
A. T. THOMAS, Treasurer.

NEW YORK, ———, 1892.

"DEAR SIR:—

"I have refrained from saying anything concerning your Bi-Ozone Cure until a thorough test of its effects had been made.

"Having used it daily for three months, I think I am now in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. A case of bronchitis and bronchial asthma is not to be cured in a day or a month, and I have not expected it, but I take great pleasure in assuring you that both have so much improved that I shall continue the use of Bi-Ozone, feeling satisfied that a permanent cure is only a question of a short time longer.

"A noticeable feature in the effect of the remedy is a greatly improved condition of general health and remarkable immunity from ordinary colds.

"Bronchial and asthmatic troubles usually have attendant catarrhal conditions. I am happy to say the latter is as much improved as the former, and with the gradual removal of bronchitis the catarrh is disappearing also.

"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public it richly deserves it.

"A. T. THOMAS, Grand Central Depot.
"Dec., 23, '92."

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Wide Awake" for April is a treasure of reading and pictures that is a whole library of enjoyment for young people in itself. Published at Boston, Mass.

"Music" for March has a dozen or so of articles on music in its higher forms; any one of which is worth the subscription price of the magazine. Published at Chicago.

The March issue of the "Magazine of Art" is a storehouse of fine pictures and literature pertaining thereto, that is bound to bring joy to the art lover's heart. Published at New York.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" for March is fully up to its high standard. Miscellany story, fashion, poems, pictures, music, all contribute its enjoyable contents. Published at New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for April is one of the best issues yet given out. Its contents are of the most valuable character to all interested in the world's scientific progress. Published at New York.

The April "Lippincott" is the Columbian. All the contents are good, and several of the leading articles are devoted to the World's Fair, while the novel, by G. A. Townsend, is entitled "Columbus in Love." Published at Philadelphia.

HEALTHY CULTURE.—The highest human culture is the greatest possible health of the whole man. All our powers must be braced by exercise if they are to be healthy and vigorous; while the activity of such powers is at once a stimulus and check to the rest. From the very constitution of human nature, each power must be curbed to make room for the action of the others; and self-denial instead of being a special duty to be exercised towards a special portion of our nature under a religious sanction, is a universal necessity of our life, if we are to approach towards the ideal of health. Health is maintained only through the control of our powers by the joint action of all the rest. A curb must be laid upon certain appetites. Restraint must be laid upon his animal nature. We must deny ourselves the exclusive pursuit of knowledge as much as the unrestrained pursuit of mere physical perfection. We must check the outflow of our feelings by our reason; our moral perfection must go hand in hand with the culture of our imagination. We must allow no part to encroach upon the rights of another. Many a man is tolerably well disciplined as a religious being who is signally defective as a thinker, as a student of nature, and of humanity, or as a member of society. The ideal of an educated life involves the possession of the amplest knowledge that is possible in alliance with the largest feelings, the widest range of sympathy in alliance with the most vigorous, energetic action.

L. G. W.

REASONS FOR WEARING THE MUSTACHE.—A curious inquirer has been able to draw up a table of the different reasons for wearing a mustache. Having questioned not fewer than one thousand persons so adorned, their answers have helped him to the following result: To avoid shaving, 69; to avoid catching cold, 32; to hide their teeth, 5; to take away from a prominent nose, 5; to avoid being taken as an Englishman abroad, 7; because they are in the army, 7; because they are Rifle Volunteers, 221; because Prince Albert does it, 2; because it is artistic, 29; because you are a singer, 3; because you travel a great deal, 17; because you have lived long on the Continent, 1; because the wife likes it, 3; because you have weak lungs, 5; because it acts as a respirator, 29; because it is healthy 77; because the young ladies admire it, 471; because it is considered "the thing," 10; because he chooses, 1

WANTED HELP.—A gentleman residing in a village not many miles from Exeter, finding that the diminution of his woodpile continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clue to the mystery. At an hour when "all honest folks should be in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy neighbor endeavoring to get a large log into his wheelbarrow. "You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I sleep." "Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back with lifting, before you'd offer to come and help me!"

PEOPLE WHO FALL SAFELY.—A fall, as a rule, injures a drunken man much less than a sober one, because the controlling power of the mind being rendered nil through intoxication, the body falls as an inert mass, and thus the chances of injury are lessened; for, strange though it may appear, it is no less a fact that the most numerous cases of injury arising from a fall are caused by the effort, voluntary or otherwise, to avert the consequences, thus straining the muscles and tendons. Very rarely are injurious effects from a fall known in a lunatic asylum, for the same simple reason—the mind has no influence over the action of the body; and it is a remarkable and well-known fact to those who have to deal with such cases that whatever injuries are so caused heal much more rapidly than in the case of sane people, the mind having more to do with retarding or assisting nature's efforts than is generally known or realized.

THREE of the first four Presidents of the United States married widows. The wife of John Quincy Adams, who received her education in England, created a great sensation in the nation's capital. The wife of Martin Van Buren, Hannah Hoes, lived but a short time after her marriage, dying about seventeen years before her husband's election to the Presidency. President Tyler's second wife was an ardent Roman Catholic, and Mrs. Polk was a calm-mannered Presbyterian. Mrs. Millard Fillmore had been a school teacher, and the courtship was carried on under difficulties, as the lover could rarely afford the expense of a journey to see his fiancee. Mrs. Franklin Pierce was the devout daughter of a clergyman, and made the White House a centre for charitable and religious enterprises.

ADVICE TO A CREDULOUS MAN.—Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, tells a story of a man who, while traveling in a parlor car between Omaha and Denver, fell asleep and snored with such intense volume that every one in the coach was seriously annoyed. Presently an old gentleman approached the sleeper, and, shaking him, brought him out of his slumber with a start. "What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "Why, your snoring is annoying every one in the car," said the old gentleman, kindly. "How do you know I'm snoring?" queried the source of the nuisance. "Why, we can't help but hear it." "Well, don't believe all you hear," replied the stranger, and went to sleep again.

THE ever-useful match box appears in almost endless variety. One style especially suitable for a yachtsman represents a sail-cloth rolled into a bale, with a tiller, rope and block in relief. The fluted shell and chased scroll patterns are always in demand. A novelty is enameled in blue and red, under silver filigree.

THERE are three things that beat a drum for noise—one is a small boy, and the other two are drumsticks.

Excursions to Washington.

Personally conducted tours to Washington have been arranged via Royal Blue Line, to be run at frequent intervals from New York and Philadelphia to Washington. The next excursion will be on April 6th. For programme, describing these tours, write to Thos. Cook & Son, Agents, B. & O. R. R., 261 and 1225 Broadway, New York, or 331 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

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Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

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Humorous.

GOING A-SHOPPING.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-shopping, kind sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"With pleasure, sir," the maiden said.

"But have you money, my pretty maid?"
"I've just one dime, kind sir," she said.

"You'll soon spend that, and then you'll stop."
"Oh, no," and she gave her head a flop;
"I'm not going to buy; I'm going to shop!"

—U. S. SONG.

Having It Out With Him.

A weather report—Thunder.

A free silver man—The burglar.

Hasty consumption—Quick lunch.

A ringing speech—"I am yours."

Natural selection—The best umbrella in the rack.

When does a hen resemble an old tramp in ambush?—When she's laying for you.

"I don't want you to make use of the word rum again, my son." "Why not, pa?" "Because rum is a curse."

"Now, that is what I call a good head for business," soliloquized the barber as the long-haired poet entered the shop.

Creditor: "The consciences of those two bankrupts appear to be very elastic." Assignee: "Well, don't you expect elasticity in suspenders?"

"I presume you have never seen that lady again who thrust her umbrella into your face last summer?" "No, but I am still keeping an eye out for her."

Lounger: "Why did you refuse to sell that man any stamps?" Drug clerk: "He looked too healthy. We only sell stamps to people likely to need medicine."

Gableigh: "Do you believe, Professor, in the power of the human eye with a wild beast?" Professor: "Yes, indeed. The power of the eye is very useful—to see the wild beast coming."

"I wish you would get me a couple of packs of cigarettes," said the condemned murderer to the jail warden. "Can't do it," replied the officer; "the law must be allowed to take its course."

A servant girl was once given some macaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing the girl's surprise, the lady asked: "Didn't you cook macaroni at your last place?" "Cook it? We used them things to light the gas with."

"Who was that bashful young fellow who went out as I came in?" asked the senior partner.

"You would never guess in the world," answered the junior partner.

"All right, then; I give it up. Tell me."

"He is a drummer for a new nerve food."

Little girl: "The doctor said mamma must take a constitutional every day. What does that mean?"

Little boy: "That means walking."

"Then why didn't he say so?"

"I don't know, but I guess maybe if he called it plain walking he couldn't charge for it."

Visitor: "So you are going to build a house in the suburbs! What sort of a dwelling shall you put up?"

Host: "Well, I examined the Renaissance, Queen Anne and other designs, but finally decided on the Colonial plan."

Host's son: "Why, papa! you told mamma you were going to build it on the instalment plan."

Western Judge: "Why did you kill Long Jack?"

Hair-trigger Ike: "He was a bad man, yer honor, and it was a clear case of chaw or be chawed."

"Did you give him any warning before you shot him?"

"Oh, yes, yer honor. I told him to hold up his hands."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

To-day I happened to turn over some old books, and in one of them I found the pictures of the fashions of only four years ago. These dresses were made in the days of bustles, and it seems to me now that hoops could not look much worse. There was only one thing to be said in favor of bustles, and that was that they kept the gown from trailing in the mud, but nothing could have been more ungraceful, unnatural or ridiculous. Now the styles have reached a point where women look their very best. Those who require drapery can have it, those who look best in classical gowns can wear them without being eyed askance, and those who prefer snug effects are at liberty to wear them, but it seems that women are never satisfied with the same thing long. If they could change their faces, they would do it.

I have never known a woman to be satisfied with her own appearance yet. She would rather have dark eyes, or blond hair, or a different shaped chin, or something. Sometimes she is dissatisfied with the very thing that makes her most attractive to others. And so she is now on the verge of hoops. We must let her wear them if she wants to; but, oh, what a guy she will look! for the hoopskirt is one of the fashions that will not appear beautiful, no matter how often we see them.

Let us look upon the two pictures and see what women were capable of four years ago and let the women draw the lesson or not, as they please. Although an authority on what other women shall wear, I wear what I please myself, and you will never see me incased in hoops nor bearing a back breaking bustle.

ONLY FOUR YEARS AGO.

I thought I had seen all the new spring fabrics, but they keep coming, and every week has its new things to see. This week I have been reveling in the dainty wash fabrics, and such a variety! There is really no end to them, and they are so pretty and so very dainty. Some of the zephyrs and French ginghams are soft as silk muslin to the touch. One I noticed and thought very delicate. It had a ground of the faintest gray, with fine satin weave stripes on it in graduated widths of white. In the center of each cluster of white stripes was a pale pink one. Another had a ground of the gray zephyr ginghams with white woven stripes an eighth of an inch wide, which formed plaids 3 inches square. The white was thrown up so well that it looked like a lattice work. Another pretty pattern had a broken and mixed plaid made of three or four shades of brown, with here and there a narrow red thread.

The cotton challies are full as pretty as the French wool ones, with the same exquisite patterns and colors. These, when trimmed with lace and ribbons or velvet, are quite as pretty to look at, and they cost but 15 cents a yard, while the others are from 50 to 75.

A pretty gown is made in semi-classical style. The bands that trim it are white sateen with black braiding. The guimpe and under sleeves are of white jaconet—an old material revived. It has a peculiar satiny surface that is extremely handsome, considering that the effect is obtained by some special treatment of simple cotton. This particular gown is of tan and black stripes, and the skirt is cut slightly flaring. Another gown is of the new cotton with cheviot effect, and it is called Scotch cheviots. It is in two shades of purple woven so as to show broken lines, which appear to end in every direction and start from nowhere. The girdle and lapels are made of braided pique, and the guimpe is of jaconet.

All the cotton goods, particularly the above mentioned, the organdie lawns and chambrays and also the sateens, are to be made as tastefully and carefully as if they were all silk. A favorite style is to have what is called a Spanish flounce, half the depth of the skirt set on with a gathered heading or a flat bias band. This is mostly a matter of taste, and almost anything goes now in shape, color and trimmings.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS MATTERS OF INTEREST.

A woman to whom the ordinary, dust collecting, moth breeding carpet was an abomination, and who could not afford to have all her rooms refloored in hard woods, adopted this expedient for some of the seldom used ones: she selected at a paper hanger's a heavy wall paper, dark in color and conventional in design. She laid the floor first with brown paper. Then she put down the wall paper by first coating it with paste and smoothing it down. When the floor was all prepared she sized and varnished it with dark glue and common varnish, which deepened the color. When it was dry she scattered a few rugs about, and her paper carpets have lasted for years.

To polish plate glass and remove slight scratches, rub the surface gently, first with a clean pad, and afterward with a similar pad covered over with cotton velvet which has been charged with fine rouge. The surface under this treatment acquires a polish of great brilliancy, quite free from scratches.

Here are a few ways of cooking eggs that may be found useful:

Poached eggs are the most delicate of the simpler methods of serving eggs. A deep saucepan should be used and the water should reach the boiling point before the egg is carefully dropped in. Some cooks squeeze not more than two or three drops of lemon juice into the water and always use a teaspoonful of salt. A full minute should poach the egg sufficiently, when it is lifted out with the skimmer and laid upon the square of toast already prepared on a hot platter. Some of the best chefs claim that the poaching pan, to do half a dozen eggs at once, does not insure the same perfection to each as when they are done separately. Eggs may be poached in an almost perfect sphere by giving to the water a rapid rotary motion with a spoon or fork and dropping the egg in the heart of the whirlpool thus formed.

Fried eggs done in olive oil will be found more delicate than when lard or butter is used. The oil should be of the best quality, and very little suffices. Two tablespoonfuls will fry four eggs; heat the oil thoroughly and drop the eggs in very carefully. Contrary to the adopted idea, the best authorities advise turning a fried egg. Cook not more than twenty seconds on one side, then deftly turn with a pancake turner and cook the same length of time on the other side. Serve on a folded napkin on a hot platter garnished with a bit of water cress.

Stuffed eggs with sardines is an appetising luncheon dish. Boil three eggs till hard, shell them, cut in halves, and remove the yolks carefully; put them in a mortar with three or four sardines drained from the oil, skinned, and the centre bones removed, a little butter and a dust of red pepper; pound till smooth; refill the whites with the mixture, cut off the tips so that they will stand firm, and serve each on a diamond of fried or toasted bread.

The secret of scrambled eggs is not to beat them before cooking, to have a hot skillet, and to take them off while they are yet very soft; they cook a half minute after they are taken off, which many cooks do not allow for. A dash of lemon juice as they are going to the table in a hot dish is an addition.

Omelet with vegetables is a change from the usual list. Several kinds of cooked vegetables—peas, beets, carrots, asparagus—are mixed, the large ones being first cut into dice, and stirred lightly with the eggs after they are beaten. The omelet is then made in the usual way, and served resting on a layer of the vegetables saved out for that purpose.

Eggs in Cups.—Butter some small china cups, and sprinkle them with chopped parsley. Put in each a teaspoonful of browned butter and a little chopped mushroom. Break in a fresh egg, sprinkle with more mushroom, and a trifle more of the browned butter, and cook in the oven or on the range until done. Butter may be browned by putting a piece the size of a large walnut in a clean skillet and letting it heat till it takes on a brown color. A dash of lemon juice preserves it, and it may be used as required.

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LEAVE MARKET STREET STATION.

7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, and 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Additional train from Ninth and Green, week-days, 3.45 p m. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, leave Ninth and Green Streets, 2.35, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.22 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.08 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m Daily Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.

8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.05 a m, Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

LEAVE NINTH AND GREEN STS.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.30 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.40 noon, 2.05, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 6.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 9.30 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

9.10 a m for Reading and way points.

11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

Sundays—11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

5.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 7.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 5.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 and 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 6.00 a.30 8.20, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.20, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 2.00, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Grenloch, 6.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

FOR LAKEWOOD.

3.45 p m, week-days only. Fast Express, without change; Parlor Car. Way trains (change cars at Winslow Junction), week-days only, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

For Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m and 4.00 p m.

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